

THE GRAPHIC

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT:
"The Reception at the India Office"

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THE REVIEW OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENTS: BENGAL LANCERS PASSING DOWN THE MALL
DRAWN BY A. P. GARRATT AND E. DE HAENEN

Topics of the Week

THE last South African mail has brought the full text of the excellent speech delivered by **Lord Milner**, at Johannesburg, a few days after the termination of the war. It is an eloquent appeal for social and political peace as a complement to military peace. Without such a peace the difficulties of reorganising South Africa, already very formidable, must become almost insuperable. The task before Lord Milner and his civilian colleagues is something more than mere Reconstruction. There is, as a matter of fact, nothing to reconstruct. When Lord Kitchener arrived at Cape Town, as Chief of Lord Roberts's staff, in the darkest days of the war, it is said that somebody remarked to him that his first task would probably be to reorganise the transport. "No," replied the General, "I am going to organise it." It is somewhat in the same spirit that Lord Milner is approaching the task of settling South Africa. There is no question of resuscitating the old condition of things. What has to be done is to make "a new State." "The result of all our struggles," said the High Commissioner, "is not to produce that consummation, but to render that consummation possible." It is the first time in the history of British dominion in South Africa that the chance has presented itself of building up a great State, and this chance has to be utilised on lines for which the local conditions present few precedents. For this reason Lord Milner appealed for "a truce from politics" and for "the co-operation of all South Africans in the sphere of material and intellectual development." South Africa cannot afford to waste time in musing what Lord Beaconsfield called "the mouldy remainder biscuit" of dead and buried political controversies. All hands are required to give the vital energies and possibilities of the country a chance by promoting agricultural and industrial development, the extension of railways, the improvement of irrigation, the multiplication of schools, and, before everything else, the re-settlement of the farming population and the reconstruction of social life. How far Lord Milner's reference to "a truce from politics" contemplated the suspension of the Constitution of Cape Colony it is difficult to say. It is known that a month earlier, when the war was still raging, the High Commissioner was in favour of this course, but there is nothing to show whether his views had been modified by the peace, and especially by the excellent spirit manifested by the surrendered burghers. However that may be, there can be no question in the mind of any reasonable man that Mr. Chamberlain's decision against the proposed suspension is well calculated to promote Lord Milner's "truce." If political controversy is to be reduced to a minimum, the best way to attain that end is surely to avoid the manufacture of political grievances. The suspension of the Constitution would have been widely resented, especially by the Dutch, who have not yet overcome their suspicion of the honesty of the intentions of this country. The result would have been a rerudescence of political agitation, and a fresh cleavage on the lines of racial division. By declining to take this course Mr. Chamberlain has shown a generous confidence in the patriotism of the Dutch, and has given them a substantial pledge of his desire to pursue a policy of conciliation. If this does not produce a "truce," at any rate it will not aggravate the present situation, and this is certainly a great gain to the work Lord Milner has in hand.

Lord Kitchener's Home-Coming The promised landing of the great British commander who, after utterly crushing the Dervishes, hurried off to South Africa and remained there until a few weeks ago, made a most glad announcement in Monday's papers. There have been such cruel disappointments since mid-summer, that even when Lord Kitchener's embarkation at Cape Town was telegraphed there was a general disposition to hold back from calculating the duration of his voyage. But this hesitancy did not proceed in the least from any lack of appreciation of his splendid services by his fellow-countrymen. In such cases, comparisons between great men are always invidious and usually unfair. They are idols, and there is as much jealousy between their respective worshippers as among Hindoo sects who adore different divinities. But of Lord Kitchener it may be safely said that his brilliant qualities as a military leader and organiser would have shone out brightly at any date in British history. He has the mind to plan, the patience to wait, and the daring to strike hard when the fitting moment arrives.

There were some critics of his now famous "blockhouse" method who scoffed at it as "tortoise tactics," just as there had been others who found fault with the slowness of his advance from Wady Halfa to Omdurman. But the end crowns the work. Moltke, it will be remembered, never allowed himself to be hurried in perfecting his machinery for grinding the enemy exceeding small. Lord Kitchener possesses much the same gifts and characteristics as that great German strategist. In addition, however, he is endowed with the iron will of Bismarck, while Fabius himself could not have surpassed him in the patience which springs from absolute confidence in coming success. It is greatly to be hoped that Lord Kitchener will not rush away to take up the supreme command in India; his admiring fellow-countrymen expect him to give them many opportunities for testifying their gratitude.

The Port of London WHILE Liverpool, Southampton, Bristol, Hull, and other great ports have been eagerly competing in the provision of better accommodation for commercial shipping, London has done next to nothing. The blame for that does not lie with any deficiency of enterprise in her citizens, but in the cumbrous system of administration which has gradually grown up. Authorities conflict with authorities, interests with interests, in a most vicious circle, and it is consequently impossible to fix responsibility for *faillite faire* on any particular shoulders. Most rightly, therefore, the report of the committee appointed to investigate the question goes straight to the centre by recommending the creation of a Port Board, with jurisdiction covering the whole Thames below Staines, and to be entrusted with all the docks, wharves, and other properties essential for capable administration. That is the system long since adopted at Liverpool, and but for it the famous port on the Mersey would never have grown to its present greatness. Unification of control is also accomplishing grand things at Southampton and Bristol; like London, they slept for long years, but both are now thoroughly aroused, and no question of money is ever allowed to stand in the way of improvements. In the case of the metropolis, the most pressing work is, the committee considers, the dredging of a mid-channel in the Thames to a depth sufficient for the passage of the largest ocean-going steamers. Until that is done, progress in other essential matters must necessarily be delayed. Next in importance comes the construction of wharves on both banks, with deep water alongside to admit of the largest craft being quickly unloaded and loaded. After that, it will only remain to reduce port expenses to the same scale as at Rotterdam and Antwerp, London's chief rivals.

Farmers and Reservists OWING to the marvellous improvement in the weather which began just a week previous to the day appointed for His Majesty's Coronation, the agricultural outlook has become as promising as it was previously depressing. Even the most pessimist farmers are constrained to admit that, except in one detail of their industry, there is no room for grumbling. Since the gathering in of the hay harvest started, a deficiency of labour has come into evidence in some parts of the kingdom, the crop being of such magnitude as to necessitate more handling than usual. In former times, whenever this occurred, Irish labourers on tour could always be relied on, but they are, happily, doing too well in their own country to need British pay. But the labour requirements of the hay-harvest are trivial in comparison with those of the cereal in-gathering. Here, again, there is every promise of bumper crops both in straw and in grain, and should that prospect be realised, most farmers will be certain to need many extra hands. A most happy circumstance it is, then, both for them in particular, and for the nation at large, that by the end of August the manual toilers of this country will be very largely augmented by the disbandment of Reservists and Auxiliaries lately serving in South Africa. Inured to hard work as these gallant men have been, not in the least particular about house-accommodation, disciplined, physically strong, and with their intelligence sharpened by campaigning, their services cannot fail to be appreciated by farmers. On the other hand, the soldiers will cordially appreciate the happy chance which threw them in the way of even temporary employment immediately after discharge.

LORD KITCHENER'S HOME-COMING.

An Illustrated Article on
HIS BIRTHPLACE AND CAREER
Forms one of the features of this Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

IF anyone doubts the enormous increase of riches in England, should suffice him to point to the wonderful jewels worn by present-day ladies of high rank or otherwise, and to the immense price realised for precious stones at sales. Only last week, in a little over an hour, nearly 90,000/- worth of jewels were sold, one necklace of pearls fetching 22,000/-, another 16,000/-, one pearl alone obtaining the record sum of 13,000/-, while diamond necklaces and tiaras realised respectively 2,500/- and 4,500/-.

Fifty years ago only ladies of title possessed fine jewels, and they were generally heirlooms. The Buccleuch, the Hamilton, the Portland, the Devonshire, the Londonderry, the Wharncliffe, the Sutherland, and the Newcastle jewels were well known and worn only on great occasions. Women with small incomes never dreamt of tiaras, and indeed would have thought them considerably out of place in a small household. Things are altered now. Every woman whose husband is in business sports a tiara, ladies who can afford it invest in new jewels or have their old ones reset, while the wives of millionaires literally blaze with diamonds, and appear at balls like walking jewellers' shops. Who does not know Mrs. Bradley Martin's rubies and diamonds said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette, Mrs. Mackay's pearls and turquoises, Mrs. D'Arcy's sapphires and the Duchess of Marlborough's pearls? Other women have followed suit; buying jewels has become a favourite amusement of society. When possible they are set if not bought, in Paris, and nearly every year some new diamond adorns the parure of the *élégante*. Formerly, one sought only in Italy for fine jewels. The old Roman families, sometimes ruined and living in genteel poverty, yet kept their jewels, and ladies wore them sparkling on their necks at the great balls. Now it is in England that we must look for gems, and when, as at the India Office the other night, beautiful women laden with jewels jostle Oriental princes literally covered with strings of pearls, while uncut rubies and emeralds and diamonds hung round them in glowing clusters, the sight reminds one of the Arabian nights.

The heart of the maiden rejoices at the prospect of Henley. Not that as a rule she knows or cares much about the racing (except, perhaps, for the perennial victory of the Eton boys, the most popular win in England), but that Henley week represents for her an orgie of sunshine, colour, lazy enjoyment, and delightful flirtation. This year, with every prospect of fine weather, and the shady and deliciously restful grounds of Phyllis Court for the steward's stand, enjoyment will be at its height, and with the restrictions removed acent the houseboats, the scene ought to be exceptionally pretty. This water carnival always delights foreigners, for there is something eminently un-English about the freedom, the hilarity, and the *bonne camaraderie* of the proceedings. Girls look their best in the cosy popular punt, and the big chiton hats, the white gowns and the gay sunshade give just that touch of variety so often wanting in an English scene.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the clever painter of pretty women, says that the soul of the people is athirst for colour, the world is moving inevitably towards colour, which affects the mind, governs the brain, controls the soul, and is master of man. That these words are true, none can doubt. The man who lives in drab surroundings, dingy and dark, flies to the public-house for colour and light, gutter children stare in at the chemist's shop to admire the big red and blue jars of colour, the hysterical woman loves rose-colour, and the mob in the streets adore a bit of red cloth, or a coloured glass lamp. The very tint of red spells gaiety, and some houses veritably hold out a hand of welcome to you as you enter, so gay and debonair is their appearance. Everywhere there stirs a dim strivings after colour—in women's dress, in the white painted houses with their red, blue, and green doors, and their gaudy flower-boxes, where flaunt the yellow calceolarias and the brilliant geraniums, the white marguerites and the blue lobelia, which represent our national colours. Yes, it is true we all long for colour, though we do not know it, and our garish attempts at decoration show the instincts of children groping after something they cannot attain to.

Soon, very soon, people will be hurrying off to the country; some, the fortunate, to the seaside and the watering-places; others, the fortunate ones, to their own stately homes. Nowhere in the world are there such lovely restful spots as the country homes of England. Foreigners never tire of their beauties. There the silent mansion stands in its environment of undulating park, with the century-old beeches and oaks, the Highland cattle or the fallow deer and the grazing sheep. Not a sound is heard but the lowing of a cow or the distant ripple of water around the house. I am thinking now of one of the Yorkshire places, where are fine Italian terraces, reached by the handsome flight of stone or marble steps, and glowing with beds of sweet and lovely flowers. In the distance sparkles the sheet of artificial water, for in the Adams' days people knew the value of water in a landscape, while the cawing of the rooks gives the one necessary domestic note. Indoors extend the vast square hall, the panelled rooms with their mahogany doors, the ceilings painted by Angelica Kauffmann, the portraits of ancestors limned by the magic pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the long gallery with the priceless china standing around, and over all hovers the sense of quiet proprietorship, the absence of hurry, the knowledge of the centuries that have made and glorified their English home.

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Inverness, July, 1902. T. A. WILSON, GENERAL MANAGER.

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London, Brighton and South Coast Railway.

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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
Victoria	9 55 10	10 0 10	10 10	10 10	40 11	5 11	15 11	40 12 15
Kensington	9 10	10 10	10 15	10 15	11 15	12 0	12 0	12 0
London Bridge	9 25	10 10	10 25	10 25	11 25	12 0	12 0	12 0

(Addison Road.) A.—Sundays, Hastings 10s. 6d., Bexhill and Eastbourne, 10s. 1st Class. B.—Weekdays, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Sunday Cyclists' Trains alternately to Horley, Three Bridges, and East Grinstead; or to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley and Horsham. D.—Brighton, Saturdays, 10s. 6d. 1st Cl. F.—Sundays, Brighton and Worthing, 10s. 1st, 12s. (Pullman Car to Brighton). G.—Sundays, Eastbourne, Pullman Car, 12s. H.—Sundays, Brighton, 10s. 1st Cl., 12s. Pullman Car.

SEASIDE for 8 or 15 Days.—From London and Suburban Stations. Wednesdays, 6s. to Brighton, 6s. 6d. Worthing. Thursdays, 6s. 6d. to Seaford, 7s. Eastbourne, Bexhill and Hastings. Fridays, 6s. 6d. to Littlehampton, 7s. Bognor and Chichester, 7s. 6d. Havant, Southsea and Portsmouth, and Cheap Fares to Ryde and Isle of Wight.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places (Hastings to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight inclusive) from London and Suburban Stations, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.
Full particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

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Corridor Trains, with Luncheon, Tea, and Dining Cars, from Euston at 10 a.m., 11.30 a.m., and 2.0 p.m., for Edinburgh and Glasgow.

				B	C	D	E	G	H
London (Euston)	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
dep.	5 15 10	6 10	5 11 30	2 0	7 45 7	50 8	8 50	9 0 11 50	
Edinburgh	3 30	6 15	—	7 55 10 30	10 15	11 15	12 15	1 15	2 15
Princes St. J	3 30	6 30	—	7 55 10 30	10 15	11 15	12 15	1 15	2 15
Glasgow (Cen.)	3 30	6 30	—	7 55 10 30	10 15	11 15	12 15	1 15	2 15
Greenock	4 22	7 40	—	9 13 11 17	10 15	11 15	12 15	1 15	2 15
Gourock	4 34	7 50	—	9 22 11 27	10 15	11 15	12 15	1 15	2 15
Oban	5 5	—	—	4 45 8	45 8	45 8	45 8	45 8	45 8
Perth	5 30	8 5	—	12 20 4	4 45 5	5 5 5	20	2 5	9 10
Inverness	—	12 10	—	5 10 9	10 9 10	F	—	G	1 50
v/a Dunkeld	—	12 10	—	5 10 9	10 9 10	F	—	G	1 50
Dundee	7 20	8 45	—	1 5	—	6	35	9 37	9 45
Aberdeen	9 2	10 20	—	3 0	—	7 5	15	G	11 45
Ballater	—	—	—	—	—	9 45	9 45	—	2 0
Inverness	—	—	—	7 50	—	12 5	12 5	—	6 0

* On Saturday nights the 9.0 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

—On Saturdays passengers by the 2.0 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. from July 22nd to August 9th. This train does not run on Saturday nights. This train will run specially on Sunday, August 10th.

—Runs from July 31st to August 8th, Saturdays excepted.

—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8.0 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays).

—Arrives Inverness 9.10 a.m. from the 1st to the 12th July and after September 16th.

—Passengers for Inverness and Aberdeen must leave London by the 9.0 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those stations on that night.

—Special Train will leave Euston at 6.20 p.m., from July 14th to August 8th, Saturday and Sunday nights and Monday night, August 4th, excepted, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager L. & N. W. Railway,
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July, 1902.

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CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS (short date and long date) and TOURIST TICKETS are issued to the principal Seaside and Pleasure Resorts by Express, Corridor, Luncheon and Dining-Car Trains.

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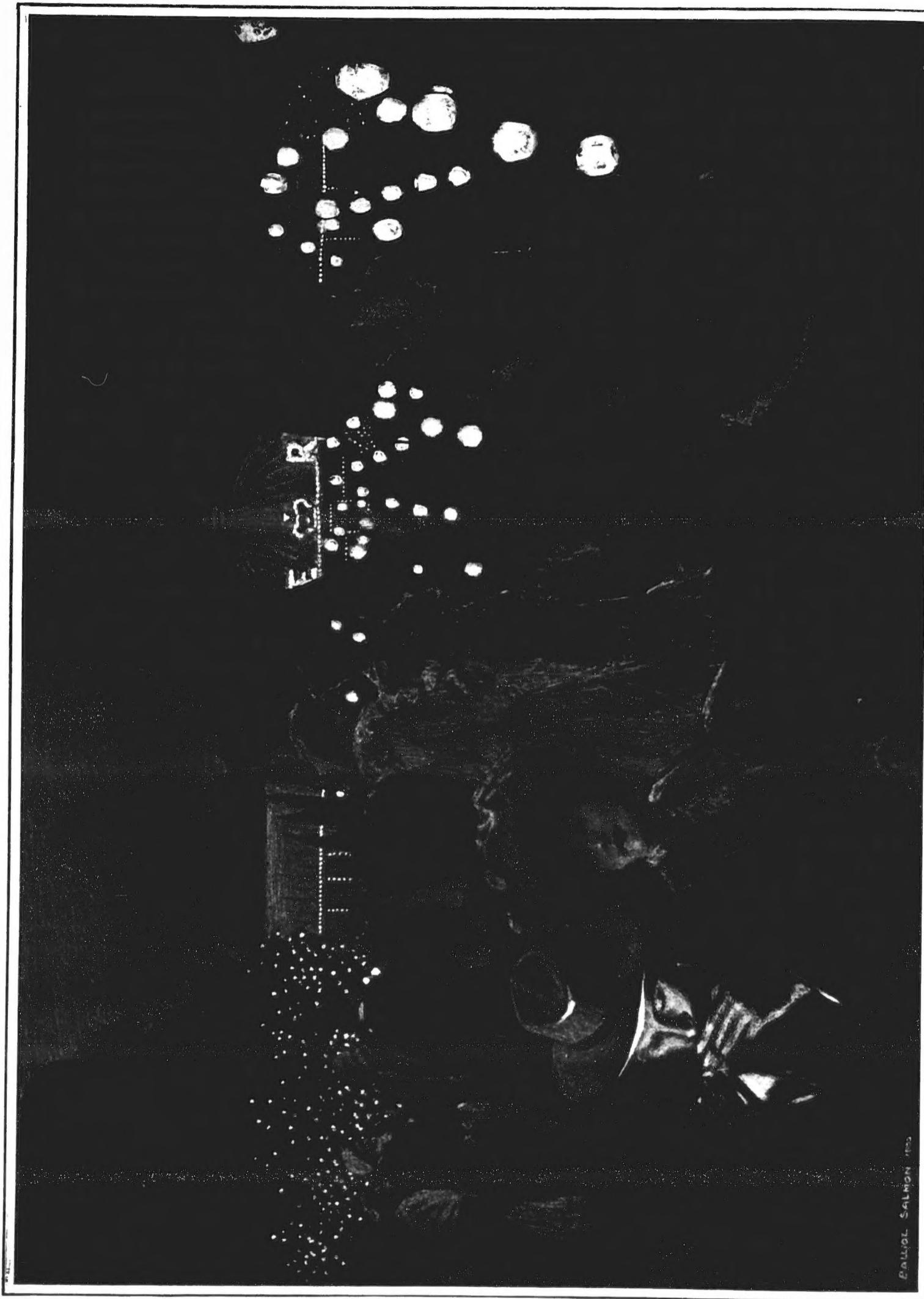
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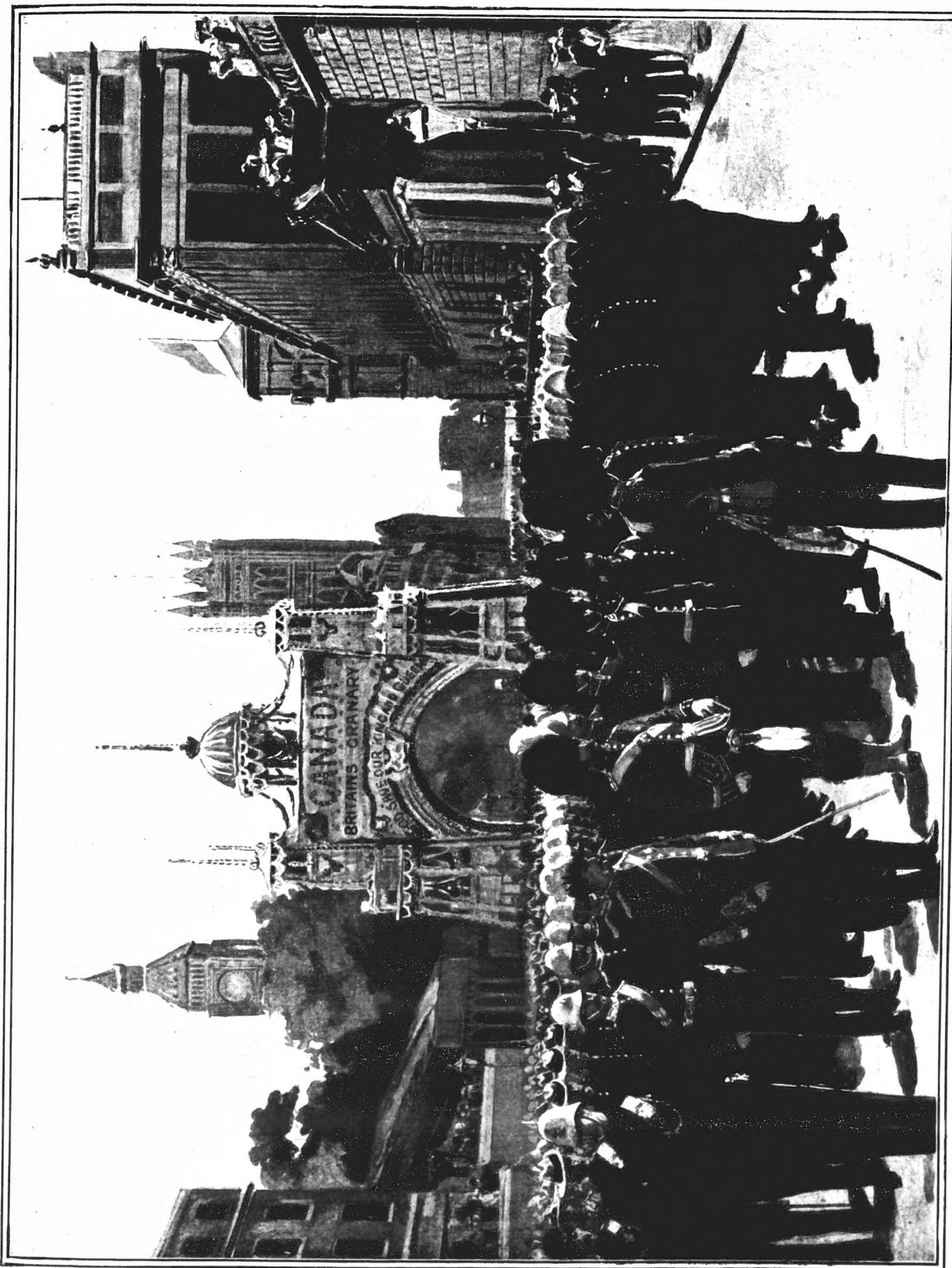
In the CENTRE OF LONDON.</p



St. George's Hospital having obtained for its fete exactly the kind of weather that every good charity deserves, last week proceeded to convert the Botanic Garden into a scene that looks prettier than any I have ever seen. During no year have the grounds looked more beautiful. The effect of the bamboo bending in the breeze and the fluttering triangular pennons was very striking. In the evening the grounds were tastefully illuminated.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL FETE AT THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS

DRAWN BY BALLOU SALMON



After the review of the Colonial Contingents by the Prince of Wales on the Horse Guards' Parade the Canadian troops proceeded to the Canadian Arch in Whitehall, where, in the presence of a large crowd, they were put through a number of evolutions and were photographed.

DOMINION DAY IN LONDON: GATHERING OF CANADIAN TROOPS AT THE CANADIAN ARCH IN WHITEHALL.

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEROSCOPIC COMPANY



This bonfire reached a height of sixty-one feet. Our photograph is by Walton Porter and M. H. Grocock, Ulverston

THE CORONATION BONFIRE AT ULVERSTON

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THERE never was a King of England who knew his subjects, the conditions in which they live and their requirements better than does his present Majesty. He has been a "man about town" ever since he left college, and, during the long period he has been Prince of Wales, he has met almost every interesting man or woman of the times, and has seen almost everything that is worth seeing. He has been "behind the scenes" in the official and in the social worlds, he has an experience of life which is unique, and a memory which is remarkable. Moreover, he has an enormous influence over "Society," which he has obtained by his long leadership of that heterogeneous portion of the community. He is, more or less, intimately acquainted with a vast number of people, and knows what they want and what they complain of. His Majesty is in close touch with so many public and private interests that any mishap that may occur to him for the moment clogs the whole of our social machinery. In these democratic days it is strange that a Royal personage has been able to build up for himself so strong a position.

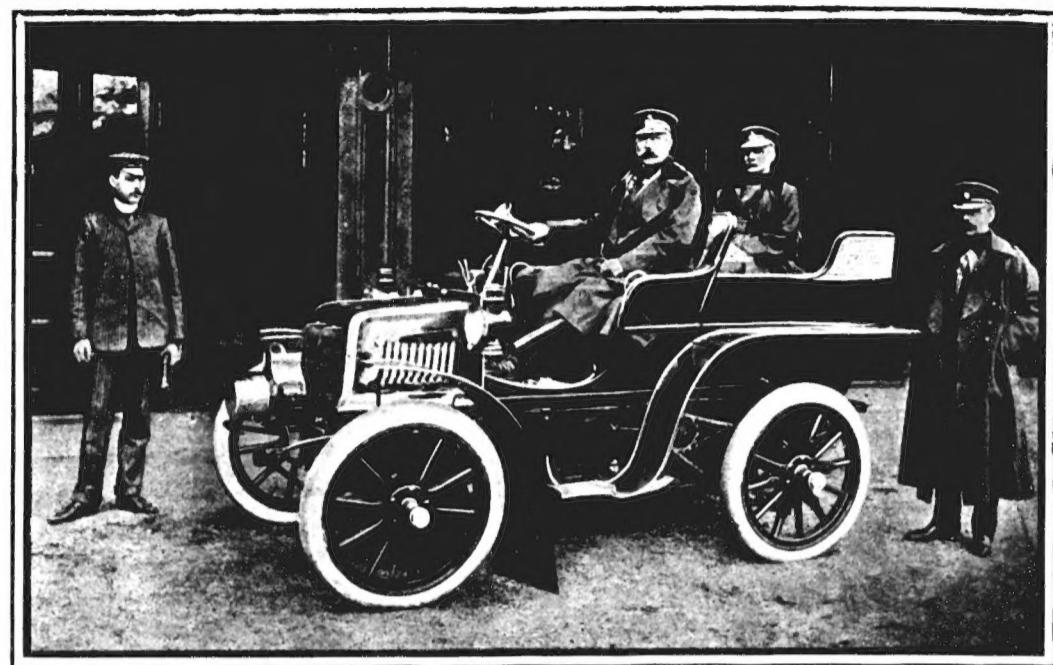
The Order of Merit which His Majesty has founded has the approval of all. It should be the highest distinction which a British man or woman can attain, and "woman" is included in this sentence with a reason, for it is certain that women will be admitted into the Order in the near future. Merit has no sex, and it would be very unjust were the Order reserved for men. Besides it would be unwise to adopt that course. It is generally believed that it will be announced within the next few months that women will be eligible to receive this valuable recognition of the services they render to the community.

Whether the Coronation takes place in a few weeks from this or later in the year the ceremony and its surroundings will not be of the imposing character that had been contemplated. It would be very difficult to bring together again, so soon after the late disappointment, the foreign and Colonial representatives and the great crowd of visitors which had gathered together in London a fortnight ago. Besides, His Majesty will not be able, for some months yet, to bear much fatigue. There are those who maintain that the Coronation will take place in August or early in September. It is obvious that if their prediction is fulfilled the King will not be called upon to undergo an exciting and tiring journey through the

streets in the lumbering State coach, nor will his medical advisers permit him to face a Service of several hours' duration in Westminster Abbey. A Coronation in the autumn in the present circumstances must necessarily be a semi-State ceremony.

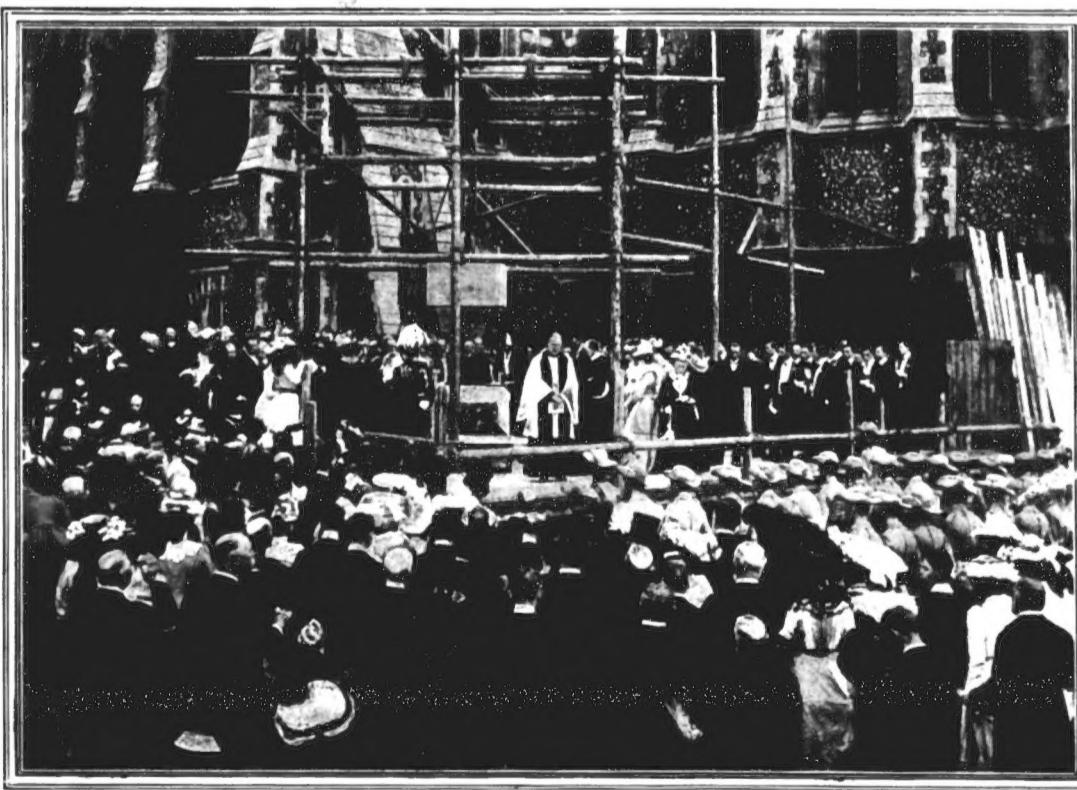
After this serious illness the King will certainly be compelled to take greater care of himself than he did formerly, and it is foreseen that many of the duties which he was prepared to undertake will now be transferred to the Prince of Wales. The ceaseless activity of the King has been a great contrast to the methodical life led by the late Queen, but that activity must now necessarily be restrained.

The visit which the King had proposed to pay to Ireland, but which the Government caused him to abandon, will take place as soon as His Majesty is able to undertake it. The Irish have shown so much personal affection for the King that Ministers are convinced it would be politic for His Majesty to visit Ireland at the earliest opportunity. That he will be welcomed by the Irish with enthusiasm is certain, for apart from politics, with which the King is wholly unconnected, His Majesty is most popular in the country. It is scarcely likely that Lord Cadogan will be Lord Lieutenant on this occasion, for it is generally believed that he will resign shortly.



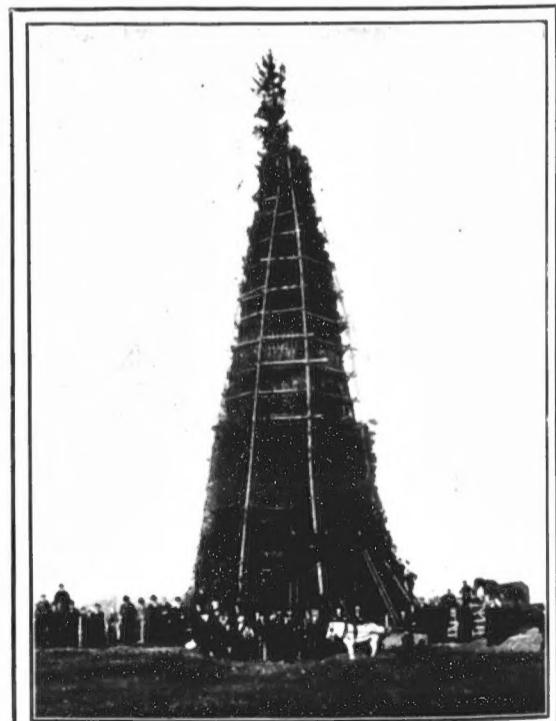
The Duke of Connaught has had a "Napier" motor-car made for him. It is similar to that with which Mr. Edge won the Gordon Bennett Cup. The Duke has used his car a great deal in visiting the camps of the Coronation troops quartered in London, and he will take it over to Ireland with him when he goes. A professional chauffeur is now engaged in instructing an Army Service Corps man in the mechanism of the car and how to drive it. Our photograph is by H. Clarence Visick, Clifton

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S NEW MOTOR-CAR



The foundation stone of a new transept to be added to the chapel of Harrow School, as a memorial to old Harrovians who have fallen in the South African War, was laid by Earl Roberts last week. The ceremony, which took place after the Speech-day celebrations, was performed before a large number of distinguished spectators, among whom were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Lord Tweedsmuir, Major-General Mackinnon, and Sir Francis Jeune. The Head Master, Dr. Joseph Wood, read the names of Harrovians who fell in the war—fifty-five in number—and Lord Roberts, having laid the stone, addressed the boys. For one school to have sent to the war 6,500 boys, the majority of them holding the King's commission, was, he said, a fact of the greatest interest, not only to Harrow, but to the nation. Our photograph is by A. H. Fry, Brighton

SPEECH-DAY AT HARROW: MEMORIAL TO FALLEN HARROVIANS



It is claimed for this bonfire that it was the largest in England. The dimensions were: height, 120ft. 4in., 155ft. circumference at the base, octagonal in shape, with a circumference of 20ft. at the top. For a height of 80ft. from the ground it was built solid, the upper portion being of lighter material. An air shaft 5ft. square ran up the centre, with a ladder from top to bottom. The figures of two workmen at the top give an idea of the size of the structure by comparison. It was surmounted by a green Austrian pine-tree 15ft. in height. It contained over 600 tons of timber and brushwood, which were soaked with 2,000 gallons of petrolum, etc. The bonfire was lighted on Friday last week. Our photograph is by J. Bellman, Whitehaven

THE WHITEHAVEN CORONATION BONFIRE

Dr. Dohi Viscount Inaba Mr. Longford Major Peach Maj.-Gen. Sir Alfred Gaselee Mr. F. R. Syng Major Isogimi



Mr. R. Niwa Maj.-Gen. Fukushima Lieut.-Col. Shiba Prince Akito Komatsu Baron Sannomiya Marquis Nakayama Mr. Nagasaki Lieut.-Col. Kurokawa

THE JAPANESE CORONATION GUESTS: PRINCE AKITO KOMATSU AND SUITE

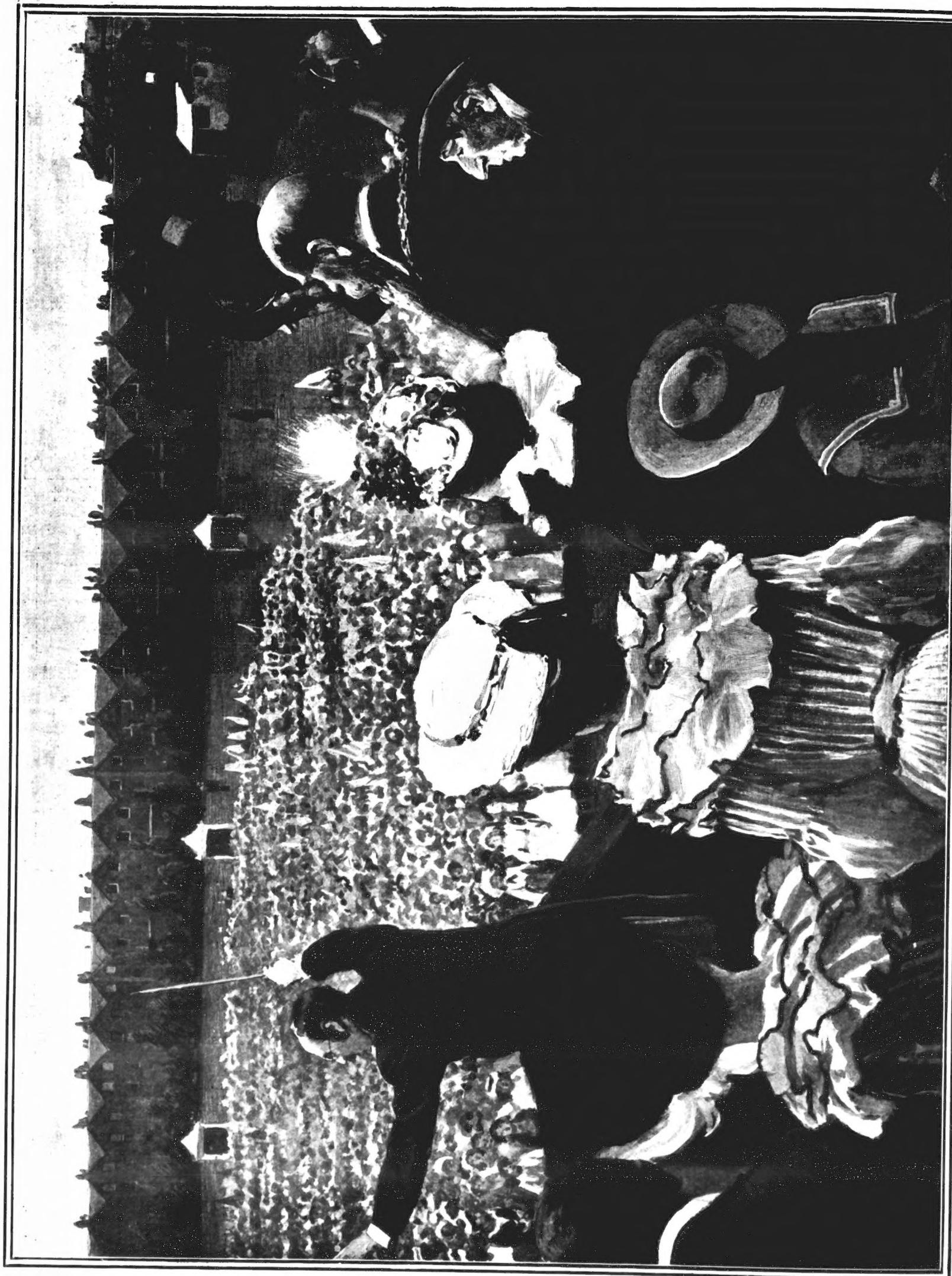
From a Photograph by Lafayette, New Bond Street



One of the King's dinners to the poor of St. Pancras was held in the Drill Hall, High Street, Camden Town, where about 350 people sat down. The dinner was remarkable for the number of veterans who attended. One old man was ninety-nine, another was ninety-three, and several were over eighty.

THE KING'S DINNER AT ST. PANCRAS: GRACE AFTER MEAT

DRAWN BY EDWARD READ



In the Paddington Recreation Ground last week 24,000 children were entertained at a Coronation treat. The entertainment, which was arranged by the Mayor, Sir John Ard, M.P., lasted from two until seven. All kinds of shows—clowns, jugglers, acrobats and the like—were provided for the children, and there was a grand tea at the conclusion of an afternoon of gaiety. Then, with Sir Frederick Bridge leading them, they sang a Coronation Hymn, followed by the National Anthem.

SINGING THE ENTERTAINMENT TO THE CHILDREN OF PADDINGTON
DRAWN BY H. M. PAQUET



"I propose that you get us safely out of Cæsarea, or, if you prefer it, that we shall all die here in this grain-store, for, by whatever god you worship, Phænician, before a hand is laid upon my mistress or me, this knife goes through your heart!"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER III.

THE GRAIN-STORE

HAVING passed the outer terraces of the amphitheatre in safety, Nehushta turned down a side street, and paused in the shadow of the wall to think what she should do. So far they were safe, but even if her strength would stand the strain, it seemed impossible that she should carry her mistress through the crowded city and avoid recapture. For some months they had both of them been prisoners, and as it was the custom of the inhabitants of Cæsarea, when they had nothing else to do, to come to the gates of their jail, and, through the bars, to study those within, or even, by permission of the guards, to walk among them, their appearance was known to many. Doubtless, so soon as the excitement caused by the illness of the king had subsided, soldiers would be sent to hunt down the fugitives who had escaped from the amphitheatre. More especially would they search for her, Nehushta, and her mistress, since it would be known that one of them had stabbed the warden of the gate, a crime for which they must expect to die by torture. Also—where could they go who had no friends, since all Christians had been expelled the city?

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No; there was but one chance for them—to conceal themselves.

Nehushta looked round her for a hiding-place, and in this matter, as in others on that day, fortune favoured them. This street in the old days, when Cæsarea was called Strato's Tower, had been built upon an inner wall of the city, now long dismantled. At a distance of a few yards from where Nehushta had stopped stood an ancient gateway, unused save at times by beggars who slept under it, which led nowhere, for the outer arch of it was bricked up. Into this gateway Nehushta bore her mistress unobserved, to find to her relief that it was quite untenanted, though a still smouldering fire and a broken amphora containing clean water showed her that folk had slept there who could find no better lodging. So far so good, but here it would be scarcely safe to hide, as the tenants or others might come back. Nehushta looked around. In the thick wall was a little archway, beneath which commenced a stair. Setting Rachel on the ground, she ran up it, lightly as a cat. At the top of thirty steps, many of them broken, she found an old and massive door. With sigh of disappointment, the Libyan turned to descend again; then, by an afterthought, pushed at the door. To her surprise it stirred. Again she pushed, and it swung open. Within was a large chamber, lighted by loopholes pierced in the thickness of the wall, for the use of archers. Now, however, it served no military purpose, but was used as a storehouse by

a merchant of grain, for there in a corner lay a heap of many measures of barley, and strewn about the floor were sacks of skin and other articles.

Nehushta examined the room. No hiding-place could be better—unless the merchant chanced to come to visit his store. Well, that must be risked. Down she sped, and with much toil and difficulty carried her still swooning mistress up the steps and into the chamber, where she laid her on a heap of sacks.

Again by an afterthought she ventured to descend, this time to fetch the broken jar of water. Then she closed the door, setting it fast with a piece of wood, and began to chafe Rachel's hands and to sprinkle her face from the jar. Presently the dark eyes opened and her mistress sat up.

"Is it over, and is this Paradise?" she murmured.

"I should not call the place by that name, lady," answered Nehushta drily, "though, perhaps, in contrast with the hell that we have left, some might think it so. Drink!" and she held the water to her lips.

Rachel obeyed her eagerly. "Oh! it is good," she said. "But how came we here out of that rushing crowd?"

Before she answered, muttering "After the mistress, the maid," Nehushta swallowed a deep draught of water in her turn, which, indeed, she needed sorely. Then she told her all.

"Oh! Nou," said Rachel, "how strong and brave you are! But for you I should be dead."

"But for God, you mean, mistress, for I hold that He sent that knife-point home."

"Did you kill the man?" asked Rachel.

"I think that he died by a dagger-thrust as Anna foretold," she answered evasively, "and that reminds me that I had better clean the knife, since blood on a blade is evidence against its owner." Then drawing the dagger from its hiding-place she rubbed it with dust, which she drew from a loop-hole, and polished it bright with a piece of hide.

Scarcely was this task accomplished to Nehushta's satisfaction when her quick ears caught a sound.

"For your life, be silent," she whispered, then laid her face sideways to a crack in the cement floor and listened. Well might she listen, for below were three soldiers searching for her and her mistress.

"The old fellow swore that he saw a Libyan woman carrying a lady down that street," said one of them, the petty officer in charge, to his companion, "and there was but a single brown-skin in the lot, so if they aren't here I don't know where they can be."

"Well," grumbled one of the soldiers, "this place is as empty as a drum, so we may as well be going. There'll be fun presently which I don't want to miss."

"It was the black woman who knifed our friend Rufus, wasn't it in the theatre there?" asked the third soldier.

"They say so; but as he was trodden as flat as a roof-board, and they had to take him up in pieces, it is difficult to know the truth of that matter. Anyhow his mates are anxious to get the lady, and I should be sorry to die as she will, when they do, or her mistress either. They have leave to finish them in their own fashion."

"Hadn't we best be going?" said the first soldier, who evidently was anxious to keep some appointment.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the second, a sharp-eyed fellow, "there's a stir; we had better just look up it."

"Not much use," answered the officer. "That old thief Amram, the corn-merchant, has a store there, and he isn't one of the sort to leave it unlocked. Still, just go and see."

Then came the sound of footsteps on the stair, and presently a man could be heard fumbling at the further side of the door. Rachel shut her eyes and prayed; Nehushta, drawing the knife from her bosom, crept towards the doorway like a tigress, and placed her left hand on the stick that held it shut. Well it was that she did so, since presently the soldier gave a savage push that might easily have caused the wood to slip on the cemented floor. Now, satisfied that it was really locked, he turned and went down the steps.

With a gasp of relief Nehushta once more set her ear to the crack.

"It's fast enough," reported the man, "but perhaps it might be as well to get the key from Amram and have a look."

"Friend," said the officer, "I think that you must be in love with this black lady, or is it her mistress whom you admire? I shall recommend you for the post of Christian-catcher to the cohort. Now we'll try that house at the corner, and if they are not there, I am off to the palace to see how his godship is getting on with that stomach-ache and whether it has moved him to order payment of our arrears. If he hasn't, I tell you flatly I mean to help myself to something, and so do the rest of the lads who are mad at the stopping of the games."

"It would be much better to get that key from Amram and have a look upstairs," put in number two soldier reflectively.

"Then go to Amram, or to Pluto, and ask for the key of Hades for aught I care!" replied his superior, with irritation. "He lives about a league off at the other end of the town."

"I do not wish for the walk," said the conscientious soldier, "but as we are searching for these escaped Christians, by your leave, I do think it would have been much better to have got that key from Amram and peeped into the chamber upstairs."

Thereon the temper of the officer, already ruffled by the events of the morning and the long watch of the preceding night, gave way, and he departed, consigning the Christians, escaped or re-captured, Amram and the key, his subordinate, and even the royal Agrippa who did not pay his debts, to every infernal god of every religion with which he was acquainted.

Nehushta lifted her head from the floor.

"Thanks be to God! They are gone," she said.

"But, Nou, will they not come back? Oh! I fear lest they should come back."

"I think not. That sharp-nosed rat has made the other angry, and I believe that he will find him some harder task than the seeking of a key from Amram. Still, there is danger that this Amram may appear himself to visit his store, for in these days he is sure to be selling grain to the bakers."

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth than a key rattled, the door was pushed sharply, and the piece of wood slipped and fell. Then the hinges creaked, and Amram—none other—entered, and closing the door behind him, locked it, leaving the key in the lock.

Amram was a shrewd-faced, middle-aged Phoenician and, like most Phoenicians of that day, a successful trader, this corn-store representing only one branch of his business. For the rest he was clad in a quiet-coloured robe and cap, and to all appearance unarmed.

Having locked the door, he walked to a little table, beneath which stood a box containing his tablets, whereon were entered the amounts of corn bought and delivered, to come face to face with Nehushta. Instantly she slid between him and the door.

"Who in the name of Moloch are you?" he asked, stepping back astonished, to perceive, as he did so, Rachel seated on the heap of sacks, "and you?" he added. "Are you spirits, thieves, ladies in search of a lodging, or—perchance those two Christians whom the soldiers are looking for in yonder house?"

"We are the two Christians," said Rachel, desperately. "We fled from the amphitheatre, and have taken refuge here, where they nearly found us."

"This," said Amram solemnly, "comes of not locking on's office. Do not misunderstand me; it was no fault of mine. A certain apprentice is to blame, to whom I shall have a word to say."

In fact, I think that I will say it at once," and he stepped towards the door.

"Indeed you will not," interrupted Nehushta.

"And pray, my Libyan friend, how will you prevent me?"

"By putting a knife into your gizzard, as I did through that of the renegade Rufus an hour or two ago! Ah! I see you have heard the story."

Amram considered, then replied:

"And what if I also have a knife?"

"In that case," said Nehushta, "draw it, and we will see which is the better, man or woman. Merchant, your weapon is your pen. You have not a chance with me, an Arab of Libya, and you know it."

"Yes," answered Amram, "I think I do; you desert folk are so reckless and athletic. Also, to be frank, as you may have guessed, I am unarmed. Now, what do you propose?"

"I propose that you get us safely out of Cesarea, or, if you prefer it, that we shall all die here in this grain-store, for, by whatever god you worship, Phoenician, before a hand is laid upon my mistress or me, this knife goes through your heart. I owe no love to your people, who bought me, a king's daughter, as a slave, and I shall be quite happy to close my account with one of them. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, perfectly. Why show such temper? The affair is one of business; let us discuss it in a business spirit. You wish to escape from Cesarea; I wish you to escape from my grain-store. Let me go out and arrange the matter."

"On a plank; not otherwise unless we accompany you," answered Nehushta. "Man, why do you waste words with us? Listen. This lady is the only child of Benoni, the great merchant of Tyre. Doubtless you know him?"

"To my cost," replied Amram with a bow. "Three times has he overreached me in various bargains."

"Very well; then you know also that he is rich and will pay him liberally who rescues his daughter from great peril."

"He might do so, but I am not sure."

"I am sure," answered Nehushta, "and for this service my mistress here will give you a bill for any reasonable sum drawn up on her father."

"Yes, but the question is—will he honour it? Benoni is a prejudiced man, a very prejudiced man, a Jew of the Jews, who—does not like Christians."

"I think that he will honour it, I believe that he will honour it, but that risk is yours. See here, merchant, a doubtful draft is better than a slit throat."

"Quite so. The argument is excellent. But you desire to escape. If you keep me here, how can I arrange the matter?"

"That is for you to consider. You do not leave this place except in our company, and then at the first sign of danger I drive this knife home between your shoulders. Meanwhile my mistress is ready to sign any moderate draft upon her father."

"It is not necessary. Under the circumstances I think that I will trust to the generosity of my fellow-trader Benoni. Meanwhile I assure you that nothing will give me greater happiness than to fall in with your views. Believe me, I have no prejudice against Christians, since those of them whom I have met were always honest and paid their debts in full. I do not wish to see you or your mistress eaten by lions or tortured. I shall be very glad to think that you are following the maxims of your peculiar faith to an extreme old age, anywhere, outside the limits of my grain-store. The question is, how can I help you to do this? At present I see no way."

"The question is—how will you manage to keep your life in you over the next twelve hours?" answered Nehushta grimly.

"Therefore I advise you to find a way," and to emphasise her words she turned, and, having made sure that the door was locked, slipped its key into the bosom of her dress.

Amram stared at her in undisguised admiration. "I would that I were unmarried," he said, "which is not the case," and he sighed, "for then, upon my word, I should be inclined to make a certain proposal to you—"

"Nehushta—that is my name—"

"Nehushta—exactly. Well, it is out of the question."

"Quite."

"Therefore I have a suggestion to make. To-night a ship of mine sails for Tyre. Will you honour me by accepting a passage on her?"

"Certainly," answered Nehushta, "provided that you accompany us."

"It was not my intention to go to Tyre this voyage."

"Then your intention can be changed. Look you, we are desperate, and our lives are at stake. Your life also is at stake, and I swear to you, by the Holy One we worship, that before any harm comes to my mistress you shall die. Then what will your wealth and your schemes avail you in the grave? It is a little thing we ask of you—to help two innocent people to escape from this accursed city. Will you grant it? Or shall I put this dagger through your throat? Answer, and at once, or I strike and bury you in your own corn."

Even in that light Amram turned visibly paler. "I accept your terms," he said. "At nightfall I will conduct you to the ship, which sails two hours after sunset with the evening wind. I will accompany you to Tyre and deliver the lady over to her father, trusting to his liberality for my reward. Meanwhile, this place is hot. That ladder leads to the roof, which is parapeted, so that those sitting or even standing there, cannot be seen. Shall we ascend?"

"If you go first; and remember, should you attempt to call out my knife is always ready."

"Of that I am quite aware—you have said so several times. I have passed my word, and I do not go back upon my bargains. The stars are with you, and, come what may, I obey them."

Accordingly they ascended to the roof. Amram going first, Nehushta following him, and Rachel bringing up the rear. On it, projecting inward from the parapet, was a sloping shelter once made use of by the look-out sentry in bad or hot weather. The change from the stifling store below, with its stench of ill-cured hides, to

this lofty, shaded spot, where the air moved freely, was so pleasant to Rachel, outworn as she was with all that she had gone through, that presently she fell asleep, not to wake again till evening. Nehushta, however, who did not go to sleep, and Amram, employed themselves in watching the events that passed in the city below. From this height they could see the great square surrounding the palace, and the strange scenes being enacted therein. It was crowded by thousands of people, for the most part seated on the ground, clad in garments of sackcloth, and throwing dust upon the heads of themselves, their wives and children. From all this multitude a voice of supplication rose to heaven, which, even at that distance, reached the ears of Nehushta and her companion in a murmur of sound, constant and confused.

"They pray that the king may live," said Amram.

"And I pray that he may die," answered Nehushta.

The merchant shrugged his shoulders. "I care nothing either way, provided that the peace is not disturbed to the injury of trade. On the whole, however, he is a good king who causes money to be spent, which is what kings are for—in Judea—where they are but feathers puffed up by the breath of Caesar, to fall if he cease to blow. But look!"

As he spoke, a figure appeared upon the steps of the palace who made some communication to the crowd, whereon a great wail went up to the very skies.

"You have your wish," said Amram, "Herod is dead or dying, and now, I suppose, as his son is but a child, that we shall be ruled by some accursed thief of a Roman procurator with a pocket like a sack without a bottom. Surely that old bishop of yours who preached in the amphitheatre this morning, must have had a hint of what was coming from his familiar spirit, or perhaps he saw the owl and guessed its errand. Moreover, I think that troubles are brewing for others besides Herod, since the old man said as much."

"What became of him and the rest?" asked Nehushta.

"Oh! some were trampled to death, and others the Jews stirred up the mob to stone, saying that they had bewitched the king, which they, who were disappointed of the games, did gladly. A few, however, are said to have escaped, and, like yourselves, lie in hiding."

Nehushta glanced at her mistress, now fast asleep, her pale face resting on her arm.

"The world is hard—for Christians," she said.

"Friend, it is hard for all, as were I to tell you my own story, even you would admit," and he sighed. "At least you Christians believe in something beyond," he went on; "for you death is but a bridge leading to a glorious city, and I trust that you may be right. Is not your mistress delicate?"

Nehushta nodded.

"She was never very strong, and sorrow has done its work with her. They killed her husband at Berytus yonder, and—her trouble is very near."

"Yes, yes, I heard that story, also that his blood is on the hands of her own father, Benoni. Ah! who is so cruel as a Jew? Not we Phoenicians even, of whom they say such evil. Once I had a daughter"—here his hard face softened—"but let be, let be! Look you, the risk is great, but what I can I will do to save her, and you also, friend, since, Libyan or no, you are a faithful woman. Nay, do not doubt me. I have given my word, and if I break it willingly, then may I perish and be devoured of dogs. My ship is small and undecorated. In that she shall not sail, but a big galley waits for Alexandria to-night, calling at Tyre and Joppa, and in it I will take you passages, saying that the lady is a relative of mine and that you are her slave. This is my advice to you—that you go straight to Egypt, where there are many Christians who will protect you for a while. Thence your mistress can write to her father, and if he will receive her, return. If not, at least she will be safe, since no writ of Herod runs in Alexandria, and there they do not love the Jews."

"Your counsel seems good," said Nehushta, "if she will consent to it."

"She must consent who, indeed, is in no case to make other plans. Now let me go. Before nightfall I will return again with food and clothing, and lead you to the ship."

Nehushta hesitated.

"I say to you, do not fear. Will you not trust me?"

"Yes," answered Nehushta, "because I must. Nay, the words are not kind, but we are sadly placed, and it is strange to find a true friend in one whom I have threatened with a knife."

"I understand," said Amram gravely. "Let the issue prove me. Now descend that you may lock the door behind me. When I return I will stand in the open space yonder with a slave, in full pretence to re-load a bundle of merchandise. Then come down and admit me without fear."

When the Phoenician had gone Nehushta sat by her sleeping mistress, and waited with an anxious heart. Had she done wisely? Would Amram betray them and send soldiers to conduct them, not to the ship but to some dreadful death? Well, if so, at least she would have time to kill her mistress and herself, and thus escape the cruelties of men. Meanwhile she could only pray, but for her mistress whom she loved, and for the child whom she remembered thankfully. Anna had foretold would be born and live out its life. Then she remembered also that this same holy woman had said that its mother's hours would be few, and at this thought Nehushta wept.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BIRTH OF MIRIAM

The time passed slowly, but none came to disturb them. Three hours after noon Rachel awoke, refreshed but hungry, and Nehushta had no food to give her except raw grain, from which she turned. Clearly and in few words she told her mistress all that had passed, asking her consent to the plan.

"It seems good as another," said Rachel with a little sigh. "and I thank you for making it, Nou, and the Phoenician, if he is a true man. Also I do not desire to meet my father—at least, for

many years. How can I, seeing the evil that he has brought upon me?"

"Do not speak of that," interrupted Nehushta hastily, and for a long while they were silent.

It was an hour before sunset, or a little less, when at length Nehushta saw two persons walk on to the patch of open ground which she watched continually, Amram and a slave who bore a bundle on his head. Just then the rope which bound this bundle seemed to come loose, at least, at his master's command, the man set it down and they began to re-tie it, then advanced slowly towards the archway. Now Nehushta descended, unlocked the door and admitted Amram, who carried the bundle.

"Where is the slave?" she asked.

"Have no fear, friend; he is trusty and watches without, not knowing why. Come, you must both of you be hungry, and I have food. Help me loose this cord."

Presently the package was undone, and within it appeared, first, two flagons of old wine, then meats more tasty than Nehushta had seen for months, then rich cloaks and other garments made in the Phoenician fashion, and a robe of white with coloured edges, such as was worn by the body-slaves of the wealthy among that people. Lastly, and this Amram produced from his own person, there was a purse of gold, enough to support them for many weeks. Nehushta thanked him with her eyes, and was about to speak.

"There, say nothing," he interrupted. "I passed my word, and I have kept it, that is all. Also on this money I shall charge interest, and your mistress can repay it in happier days. Now listen: I have taken the passages, and an hour after sunset we will go aboard. Only I warn you, do not let it be known that you are escaped Christians, for the seamen think that such folk bring them bad luck. Come, help me carry the food and wine. After you have eaten you can both of you retire here and robe yourselves."

Presently they were on the roof.

"Lady," said Nehushta, "we did well to put faith in him. He has come back, and see what he has brought us."

"The blessing of God be on you, sir, who help the helpless," exclaimed Rachel, as she looked hungrily at the tempting meats which she so sorely needed.

"Drink," said Amram cheerfully, as he poured wine and water into a cup; "it will hearten you, and your faith does not forbid the use of the grape, for have I not heard you styled the society of drunkards?"

"That is only one bad name among many, sir," said Rachel, as she took the cup.

Then they ate and were satisfied, and afterwards descended into the corn-store to wash with the remainder of the water, and clothe themselves from head to foot in the fragrant and beautiful garments that might have been made for their wear, so well had Amram judged their size and needs.

By the time that they were dressed the light was dying. Still, they waited a while for the darkness; then, with a new hope shining through their fears, crept silently into the street, where the slave, a sturdy, well-armed fellow, watched for them.

"To the quay," said Amram, and they walked forward, choosing those thoroughfares that were most quiet. It was well for them that they did this, for now it was known that Agrippa's sickness was mortal. The most of the soldiers were already in a state of mutiny, and inflamed with wine, paraded the market-places and larger streets, shouting and singing obscene songs, and breaking into the liquor shops and private houses, where they drank healths to Charon, who was about to bear away their king in his evil bark. As yet, however, they had not begun killing those against whom they had a grudge. This happened afterwards, though it has nothing to do with our story.

Without trouble or molestation the party reached the quay, where a small boat with two Phoenician rowers was waiting for them. In it they embarked, except the slave, and were rowed out to the anchorage to board a large galley which lay half a mile or more away. This they did without difficulty, for the night was calm, although the air was thick and heavy, and jagged clouds, wind-breeders as they were called, lay upon the horizon. On the lower deck of the galley stood its captain, a sour-faced man, to whom Amram introduced his passengers, who were, as he declared, relatives of his own proceeding to Alexandria.

"Good," said the captain. "Show them to their cabin, for we sail as soon as the wind rises."

To the cabin they went accordingly, a comfortable place stored with all that they could need, but as they passed to it Nehushta heard a sailor, who held a lantern in his hand, say to his companion:

"That woman is very like one whom I saw in the amphitheatre this morning when they gave the salute to King Agrippa."

"The gods forbid it," answered the other. "We want no Christians here to bring evil fortune on us."

"Christians or no Christians, there is a tempest brewing, if I understand the signs of the weather," muttered the first man.

In the cabin Amram bid his guests farewell.

"This is a strange adventure," he said, "and one that I did not look for. May it prove to the advantage of us all. At least I have done my best for your safety, and now we part."

"You are a good man," replied Rachel, "and whatever may befall us, I pray again that God may bless you for your kindness to His servants. I pray also that He may lead you to a knowledge of the truth as it was declared by the Lord and Master Whom we serve, that your soul may win salvation and eternal life."

"Lady," said Amram, "I know nothing of these doctrines, but I promise you this: that I will look into them and see whether or no they commend themselves to my reason. I love wealth, like all my people, but I am not altogether a time-server, or a money-seeker. Lady, I have lost those whom I desire to find again."

"Seek and you will find."

"I will seek," he answered, "though, mayhap, I shall never find."

Thus they parted.

Presently the night breeze began to blow off the land, the great sail was hoisted, and with the help of oars, worked by slaves, the

ship cleared the harbour and set her course for Tyre. Two hours later the wind failed so that they could proceed only by rowing over a dead and oily sea, beneath a sky that was full of heavy clouds. Lacking any stars to steer by, the captain wished to cast anchor, but as the water proved too deep they proceeded slowly, till about an hour before dawn a sudden gust struck them which caused the galley to lean over.

"The north wind! The black north wind!" shouted the steersman, and the sailors echoed his cry dismally, for they knew the terrors of that wind upon the Syrian coast. Then the gale began to rage. By daylight the waves were running high as mountains and the wind hissed through the rigging, driving them forward beneath a small sail. Nehushta crawled out of the cabin and, in the light of an angry dawn, saw far away the white walls of a city built upon an island.

"Is not that Tyre?" she asked of the captain.

"Yes," he answered, "it is Tyre sure enough, but we shall not call there this voyage. Now it is Alexandria for us, or nothing."

So they rushed past Tyre and forward, climbing the slopes of the rising seas.

Thus things went on. About mid-day the gale became a hurricane, and do what they would they were driven forward till, at length, they saw the breakers foaming on the coast. Rachel lay sick and prostrate, but Nehushta went out of the cabin to watch.

"Are we in danger?" she asked of a sailor.

"Yes, accursed Christian," he replied, "and you have brought it on us with your evil eyes."

Then Nehushta returned to the cabin where her mistress lay almost senseless with sea-sickness. On board the ship the terror and confusion grew. First the mast was carried away, then the rudder broke, and, as the oars could not be worked in that fearful sea, the galley began to drive shorewards. Night fell, and who can describe the awful hours that followed? All control of the vessel being lost, she drove onwards whether the wind and the waves took her. The crew, and even the oar-slaves, flew to the wine with which she was partly laden, and strove to drown their terrors in drink. Thus inflamed, twice some of them came to the cabin, threatening to throw their passengers into the sea. But Nehushta barred the door and called through it that she was well-armed and would kill the first man who tried to lay a hand upon her. So they went away, and after the second visit grew too drunken to be dangerous.

Again the dawn broke over the roaring, foaming sea and revealed the fate that awaited them. Not a mile away lay the grey line of shore, and between them and it a cruel reef on which the breakers raged. Towards this reef they were driving fast. Now the men grew sober in their fear, and began to build a large raft of oars and timber; also to make ready the boat which the galley carried. Before all was done she struck beak first, and was lifted on to a great flat rock, where she swallowed, with the water seething round her. Then, knowing that their hour was come, the crew made shift to launch the boat and raft on the lee side, and began to clamber into them. Now Nehushta came out of the cabin and prayed the captain to save them also, whereon he answered her with an oath that this bad luck was because of them, and that if either she or her mistress tried to enter the boat, they would stab them and cast them into the sea as an offering to the storm-god.

So Nehushta struggled back to the cabin, and kneeling by the side of her mistress, with tears told her that these black-hearted sailors had left them alone upon the ship to drown. Rachel answered that she cared little, but only desired to be free of her fear and misery.

As the words left her lips, Nehushta heard a sound of screaming, and, crawling to the bulwarks, looked forth to see a dreadful sight. The boat and the raft, laden with a great number of men who were fighting for places with each other, having loosed from the lee of the ship, were come among the breakers, which threw them up as a child throws a ball at play. Even while Nehushta gazed, their crafts were overturned, casting them into the water, every one there to be dashed against the rocks or drowned by the violence of the waves, so that not a man of all that ship's company came living to the shore.

Like tens of thousands of others on that coast in all ages, they perished, every man of them, and this was the reward of their wickedness.

Giving thanks to God, Who had brought them out of that danger against their wills, Nehushta crept back to the cabin and told her mistress what had passed.

"May they find pardon," said Rachel, shuddering, "but as for us, it will matter little whether we are drowned in the boat or upon the galley."

"I do not think that we shall drown," answered Nehushta.

"How are we to escape it, Nou? The ship lies upon the rock, where the great waves will batter her to pieces. Feel how she shakes beneath their blows, and see the spray flying over us."

"I do not know, mistress, but we shall not drown."

Nehushta was right, for after they had remained fast a little longer they were saved, thus: Suddenly the wind dropped, then it rose again in a last furious squall, driving before it a very mountain of water. This vast billow, as it rushed shorewards, caught the galley in its white arms and lifted her not only off the rock whereon she lay, but over the further reefs, to cast her down again upon a bed of sand and shells, within a stone's throw of the beach, where she remained fast, never to shift more.

Now also, as though its work were done, the gale ceased, and as is common on the Syrian coast, the sea sank rapidly, so that by nightfall it was calm again. Indeed, three hours before sunset, had both of them been strong and well, they might have escaped to the land by wading. But this was not to be, for now what Nehushta had feared befell, and when she was least fitted to bear it, being worn out with anguish of mind and weariness of body, pain took sudden hold of Rachel, of which the end was that before midnight, there, in that broken vessel upon a barren coast where no man seemed to live, a daughter was born to her.

"Let me see the child," said Rachel. So Nehushta showed it to her by the light of a lamp which burned in the cabin.

It was a small child, but very white, with blue eyes and dark hair that curled. Rachel gazed at it long and tenderly. Then she said, "Bring me water while there is yet time."

When the water was brought she dipped her trembling hand into it, and made the sign of the Cross upon the babe's forehead, baptising her with the name of Miriam, after that of her own mother, to the service and the company of Jesus the Christ.

"Now," she said, "whether she live an hour or an hundred years, this child is a Christian, and whatever befalls, should she come to the age of understanding, see to it, Nou, who are henceforth the foster-mother of her body and her soul, that she does not forget the rites and duties of her faith. Lay this charge on her also as her father commanded, that should she be moved to marriage, she wed none who is not a Christian. Tell her that such was the will of those who begat her, and that if she be obedient to it, although they are dead, and as it seems strengthless, yet shall their blessing be upon her all her life's days, and with it the blessing of the Lord she serves."

"Oh!" moaned Nehushta, "why do you speak thus?"

"Because I am dying. Gainsay me not. I know it well. My life ebbs from me. My prayers have been answered, and I was preserved to give this infant birth; now I go to my appointed place and to one who waits for me, and to the Lord in Whose care he is in Heaven, as we are in His care on earth. Nay, do not mourn; it is no fault of yours, nor could any leech's skill have saved me; whose strength was spent in suffering, and who for many months have walked the world, bearing in my breast a broken heart. Give me of that wine to drink—and listen."

Nehushta obeyed, and Rachel went on: "So soon as my breath has left me, take the babe and seek some village on the shore where it can be nursed, for which service you have the means to pay. Then when she is strong enough and it is convenient, travel, not to Tyre—for there my father would bring up the child in the strictest rites and customs of the Jews—but to the village of the Essenes upon the shores of the Dead Sea. There find out my mother's brother, Ithiel, who is of their society, and present to him the tokens of my name and birth which still hang about my neck, and tell him all the story, keeping nothing back. He is not a Christian, but he is a good and gentle-hearted man who thinks well of Christians, and is grieved at their persecution, since he wrote to my father reproaching him for his deeds towards us and, as you know, strove, but in vain, to bring about our release from prison. Say to him that I, his kinswoman, pray of him, as he will answer to God, and in the name of the sister whom he loved, to protect my child and you, to do nothing to turn her from her faith, and in all things to deal with her as his wisdom shall direct, for so shall peace and blessing come upon him."

Thus spoke Rachel, but in short and broken words. Then she began to pray, and, praying, fell asleep. When she woke again the dawn was breaking. Signing to Nehushta to bring her the child, for now she could no longer speak, she scanned it earnestly in the new-born light, then placed her hand upon its head and blessed it. Nehushta blessed also, thanking her with her eyes and kissing her. Then again she seemed to fall asleep, and presently, when Nehushta looked at her, Rachel was dead.

Nehushta understood and gave a great and bitter cry, since to her after the death of her first mistress, this woman had been all her life. As a child she had nursed her; as a maiden shared her joys and sorrows; as a wife and widow toiled day and night fiercely and faithfully to console her in her desolation and to protect her in the dreadful dangers through which she had passed. Now, to end it all, it was her lot to receive her last breath and to take into her arms her new-born infant.

Then and there Nehushta swore that as she had done by the mother so she would do by the child till the day when her labours ended. Were it not for this child, indeed, they would have ended now Christian though she was, since she was crushed with bitter sorrow and her heart was void of hope or joy. All her days had been hard, she who was born to great place among her own wild people far away, and snatched thence to be a slave, set apart by her race and blood from those into whose city she was sold; she who would have sought to do with base men nor become the plaything of those of higher birth; she who had turned Christian and drunk deep of the tribulations of the faith, she who had centred all her eager heart upon two beloved women, and lost them both. All her days had been hard, and here and now, by the side of her dead mistress, she would have ended them. But the child remained, and while it lived, she would live. If it died, then perhaps she would die also.

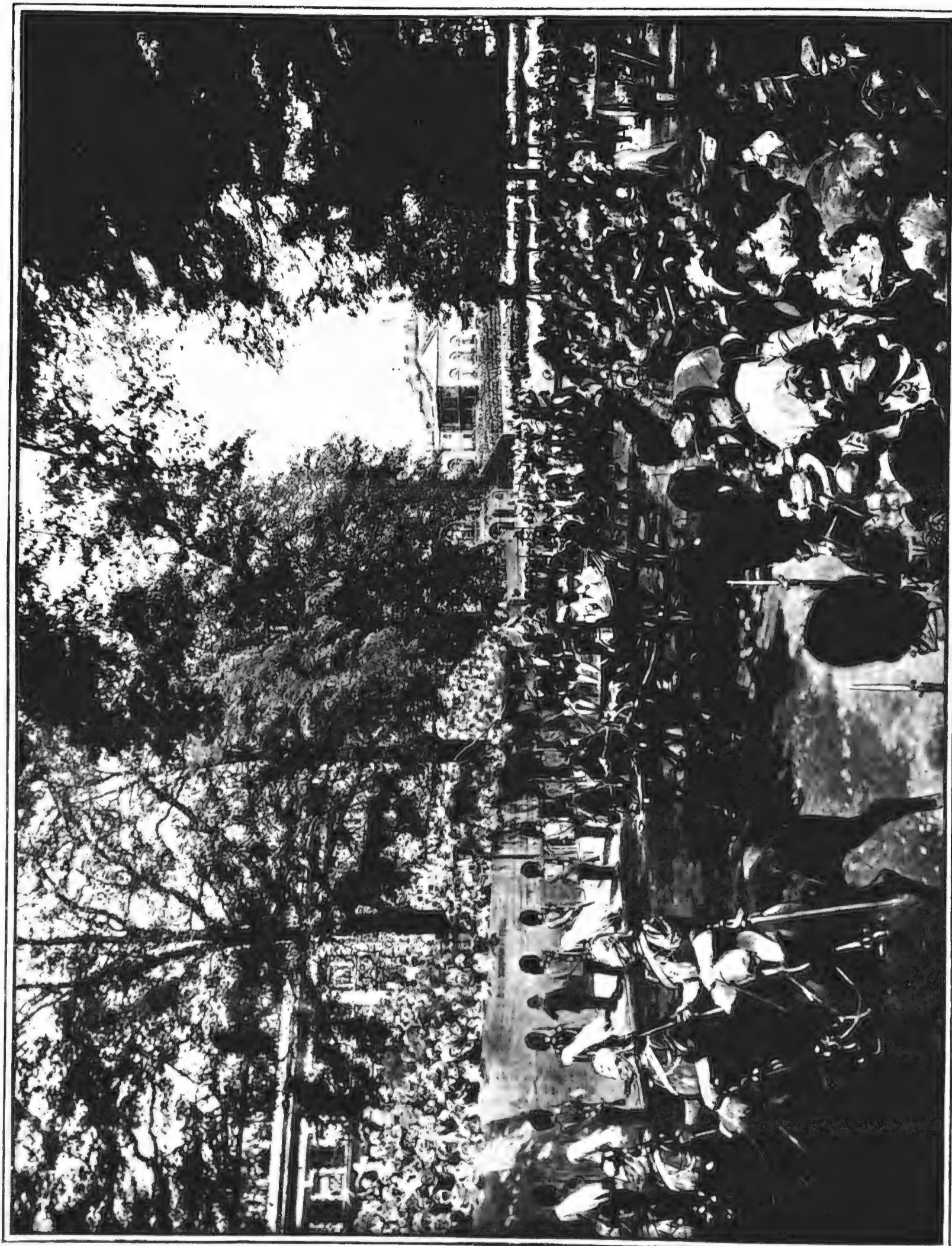
Meanwhile Nehushta had no time for grief, since the babe must be fed, and within twelve hours. Yet, as she could not bury her, and would not throw her to the sharks, she was minded to give her mistress a royal funeral after the custom of her own Libyan folk. Here was flame, and what pyre could be grander than this great ship.

Listing the body from its couch, Nehushta carried it to the deck and laid it by the broken mast, closing the eyes and folding the hands. Then she took from about the neck the tokens of which Rachel had spoken, made some food and garments into a bundle, and, carrying a lamp with her, went into the captain's cabin amidships. Here a money-box was open, and in it gold and some jewels which this man had abandoned in his haste. These she took, adding them to her own store and securing them about her. This done she fired the cabin, and, passing to the hold, broke a jar of oil and fired that also. Then she fled back again, knelt by her dead mistress and kissed her, took the child, wrapping it warmly in a shawl, and by the ladder of rope which the sailors had used, let herself down into the quiet sea. Its waters did not reach higher than her middle, and soon she was standing on the shore and climbing the sandhills that lay beyond. At the summit she turned to look, and lo! yonder where the galley was, already a great pillar of fire shot up to heaven, for there was much oil in the hold and it burnt furiously.

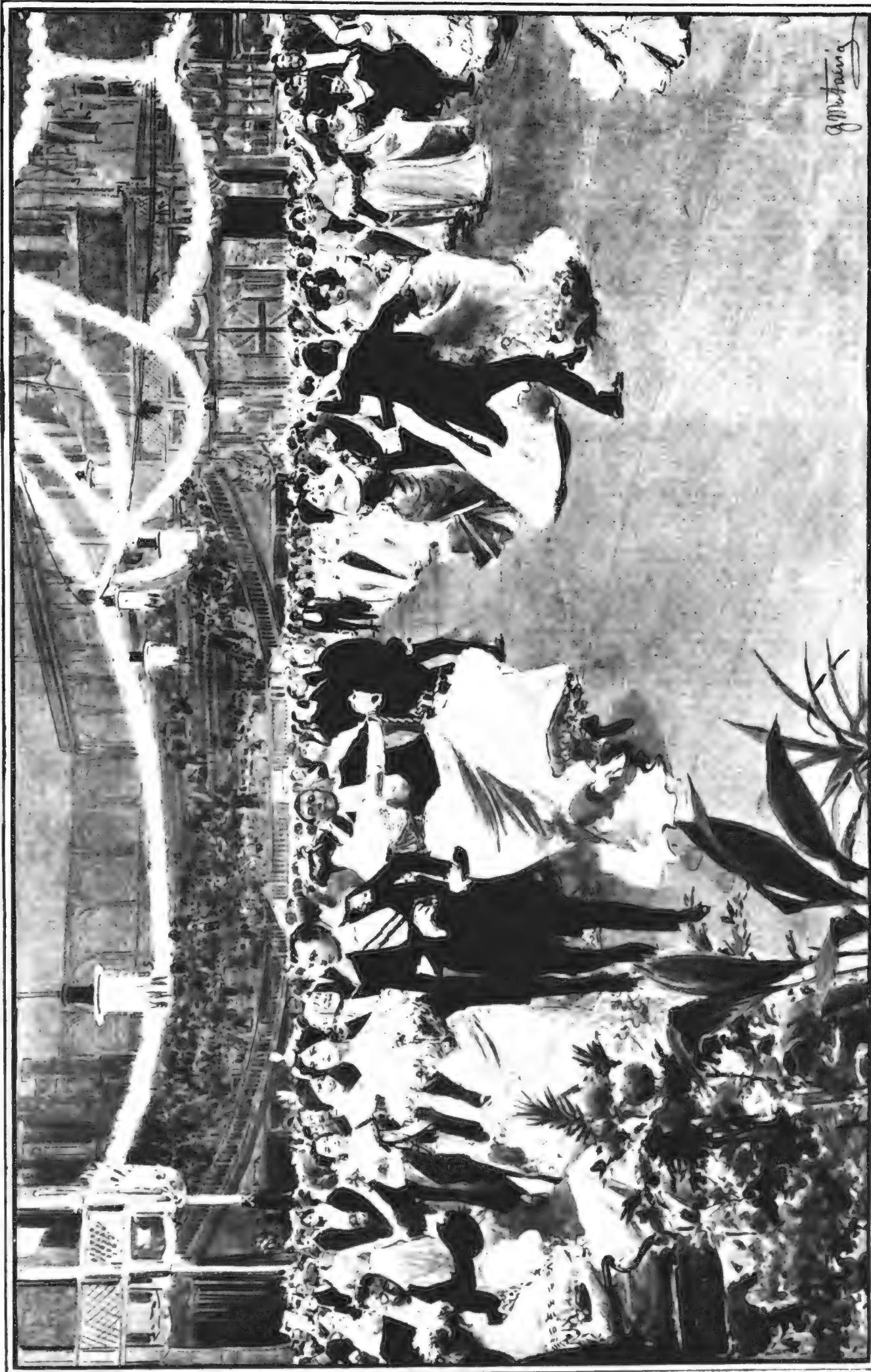
"Farewell!" she cried, "farewell!"

Then, weeping bitterly, Nehushta walked on inland.

(To be continued)



AFTER THE REVIEW OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT: THE QUEEN DRIVING AWAY FROM THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE



The great "Coronation Gilt" Ball, which was held at the Crystal Palace in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund, was a complete success. The vast centre transept was converted into a magnificent ballroom by the laying of a temporary floor of polished harlbury, covering an area of more than 12,000 square feet. The ballroom was beautifully decorated and illuminated, the bright dresses of the ladies combining to form a brilliant spectacle. Among those who took part in the ball were several Colonials and Indians of distinction.

IN AID OF KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND: THE GRAND BALL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

DRAWS BY F. MATANIA

The Theatres

"THE HEDONISTS"

THE representation of Mrs. Ashton Jonson's play, *The Hedonists*, at the matinée last week at WYNDHAM'S Theatre, necessarily wore the air of an appeal to the public from the decision of the Committee of the Playgoers' Club; for although these gentlemen were understood to have chosen this piece with a few others out of the four hundred manuscripts submitted to them as not "out of the running," as the sporting world say, they finally awarded the place of honour to Miss Syrett's play. The merits of Mrs. Jonson's work, however, are certainly not sufficiently striking to afford ground for impeaching the taste and judgment of the committee who so generously undertook a very arduous task on behalf of our unacted dramatists. It is a noticeable fact that the essential ideas of both pieces present a certain resemblance. In each case the heroine is a young lady who is sorely tempted by adverse circumstances to forsake "the steep and thorny way" for "the primrose path of dalliance;" but, whereas the impatience with narrow means which characterises Miss Syrett's Nancy has its origin in her innate love of pleasure, Mrs. Jonson's Marcia de Lisle finds excuse for her temporary hesitation in her inability to support

an aged and penniless father by her profession as a refined and classic dancer. Although the company was mainly composed of amateurs, the acting was considerably above the average of experimental matinées. Mrs. Arthur Seafe's Marcia was really a moving performance, and Mr. Goodhart imparted only too much sincerity as the "Hedonist" Rosenstein, while Miss Addie Boyne, in the character of an illiterate letter of lodgings, gave so clever a copy of the voice, style, and manner of Miss Louie Freear that it was not easy to believe that we were not witnessing a performance of that quaintly amusing actress.

M. COQUELIN'S REVIVALS

Following *Cyrano de Bergerac*, M. Coquelin has been giving us a series of classical and semi-classical revivals. Here in London, where one is just getting settled in the idea that the "play is the thing," it is distinctly upsetting to go and see revivals of plays—which in themselves are only interesting to the student—made quite enjoyable for the average playgoer, who merely wants to be amused—by the genius of the actor. Not that Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is a thing of little moment. One is astounded when seeing it acted at the wonderful technique it displays. It is as though the author had started out purposely with as slight an idea as possible in order to show what could be done

with it. If M. Coquelin had staged it after the elaborate fashion we are accustomed to in London to day, with reproductions of furniture and costumes of the time of "Le Grand Monarque"—beautiful dancing, highly trained chorus to sing Lulli's music, &c.—it would have been less interesting, for then one would have supposed oneself to have been partly held by these things—as it was with very poor dancers (except for Coquelin himself), and the merest adequacy of scenery and dressing, one got the whole value of Molière's play and M. Coquelin's acting, and the impression left of the exceeding cleverness of both will not leave one for some time. A student of Molière well know, the subject of this, one of the less interesting of his plays, consists in the affectations of Monsieur Jourdain, an ignorant bourgeois, who wishes to pass for a gentleman. He is tricked into the belief that the son of the Grand Turk seeks to marry his daughter, and receives at his hands the imaginary dignity of a Mamamouchi, or Turkish Paladin. It is needless to say that M. Coquelin makes of M. Jourdain an exquisitely humorous figure; in fact, as a creation, it ranks with his very best. M. Coquelin Cadet was Coville, a valet, and M. Jean Coquelin the Maître de Philosophie. On Tuesday night, M. Coquelin presented himself and his company in *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, which, played by the Coquelin's in the costume of the period 1846, is as a curiosity, i.e., a French play in the Tom Robertson manner, quite worth seeing once—if M. Coquelin is playing Poirier: without him even the most enthusiastic playgoer would hardly, we imagine, sit it out, though it contains many really funny lines. *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, of which an English version was given some time since at the Criterion, is the work of Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau. It was given at the Gymnase-Dramatique on April 8, 1854. Regarded in its day as a masterpiece, it was placed upon the acting list of the Comédie Française, and was played with M. Got as Poirier, at the Gaiety, in June, 1879. Its chief interest lies in the struggle between the ex-merchant and the Marquis, whose debts he has paid and to whom he has married his daughter in the hope that through his son-in-law's influence, he, Poirier, may become a Peer of France. M. Coquelin's Poirier, is of course, an admirable performance. M. Coquelin Cadet took the part of Vatel, the cook, formerly played by M. Coquelin Aîné, and M. Jean Coquelin was Verdelet. With this piece was given *L'Anglais, ou le Fou Raisonné*, a one-act play of Patrat, an actor and a prolific dramatist of the eighteenth century, which has been revived at the Comédie Française for the benefit of M. Coquelin Cadet, who plays the hero. On Wednesday night *Mlle. de la Seiglière* was given. Thursday evening was to see *Tartuffe* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and Friday night *L'Avare* and *Le Petit Amoureux*, the other performances during the week being repetitions.

M. CONSTANT COQUELIN

The pastry-cook's shop in which the Coquelin Brothers served their apprenticeship to their father and studied the art of making the toothsome brioches continues, we believe, to exist in a by-street of the town and port of Boulogne. The Coquelin Brothers, who, being separated, resolve themselves into Constant Coquelin and Ernest Coquelin—otherwise "Coquelin Aîné" and "Coquelin Cadet"—are still ministering to the pleasures of the public, but in another way. They are not the first recruits from the bakehouse to the stage, though they are the most distinguished, and M. Constant Coquelin is the more distinguished of the twain. He is seen in the full-length portrait which we publish to-day dressed for his famous part of Désournelles, the crafty old notary and steward in that delightful comedy, *Jules Sandeau's Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*. It is some sixty years since M. Constant Coquelin was born at the old Boulogne house, and rather more than forty years since, forsaking trade, he gained admission to the Conservatoire in the class of dramatic elocution, under the celebrated Regnier. He certainly did credit to his teacher. To this day there is no greater master of the subtle arts of diction on the French stage; and as the reciter of those amusing monologues which are so widely associated with his name—a class of dramatic trifles which are mainly dependent for their effect upon a thorough command of delicate shades of expression and emphasis—he stands, in spite of his younger brother's distinction in the same field, practically without a rival. He made his *début* at the COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE on December 7, 1866, in the part of Gros-René in the *Depit Amouré* of Molière, and, as one of his biographers observes, he appeared to be born to interpret the Valets of Molière. So valuable an accession to the House of Molière was not likely to miss a hearty welcome, and it is, perhaps, an unique fact in the history of that renowned institution that when he was admitted to the full rights of a *comédien* he had not yet completed his twenty-third year. His Figaro in Beaumarchais's comedies and many other parts of the old repertory were equally successful, but his first great success in the modern repertory was his Don Annibal, the swashbuckler and swindler in Augier's *L'Avanturier*—the original of Robertson's *Home*. Since then he has played a great variety of parts, among which those which most readily recur to the memory are his Aristide in *Le Lion Amoureux*, Langlumeau in *Le Testament de César*, Girodot, the Duke de Sept-Monts in *L'Etrangère*, Lessondard in *La Visite de Noces*, Labussière in *Thérèse*, and Petruchio in *La Mégère Apprivoisée* (a version of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*). Some differences with his old comrades of the *THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS* led many years ago to his separation from the *COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE*, but he subsequently returned to his old alle, iance, though under conditions which left him free for a considerable portion of the year to undertake professional tours. He was with the company on the occasion of their famous visit to London in 1879, and then appeared at the GAIETY in many of his best-known impersonations. Since then he has been a frequent visitor to our shores. M. Coquelin's style inclines rather to the comic and satirical than to the romantic or sentimental vein. His Don César de Bazan, in which he appeared at the ROYALTY some years ago, was curiously wanting in picturesqueness and imagination; but in his own line M. Coquelin is perhaps the greatest of living comedians.



M. COQUELIN AÎNÉ AS THE NOTARY IN 'MLLE. DE LA SEIGLIERE'



The Late Mr. Charles Gassiot, who has left upwards of half a million sterling to St. Thomas's Hospital, was a member of an old Basque family. He was the head of one of the oldest port wine shipping firms, Martinez, Gassiot and Co., of London and Oporto, and left gross personalty amounting to £30,000. A brother died three or four years ago worth between £30,000 and £40,000. Mr. Gassiot left his pictures, valued at £50,000, to the National Gallery and the Guildhall Gallery. Our portrait is by Hughes and Mullings, Ryde, I.W.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES GASSIOT

Modern Caricature

"F.C.G.," of the *Westminster Gazette*, never did anything better than the series of coloured drawings illustrative of "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and exhibited at the Continental Gallery in New Bond Street. The politics of the past twenty years are treated by Mr. Gould in the spirit and style of the quaint drawings in ancient manuscripts.

THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE AT BLOEMFONTEIN

An impressive Thanksgiving Service took place at Bloemfontein on the Sunday after the day on which peace was declared, in the presence of Major-General Sir C. E. Knox and all branches of the military. An immense crowd of residents attended. The Service was conducted by the Deputy-Administrator.

THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE AT BLOEMFONTEIN

and the style of the old artists, he has given us at the same time admirable likenesses of many of the prominent men of the time. Such designs as "The Vigil and Renunciation of Sir Joseph de Birmingham," "Sir Cecil de Kimberley and his Apple Cart," "Saint Bobs and the Tortoise" (an admirable caricature of the St. George of Dijon), are at once convincing and amusing.

At the Woodbury Gallery in New Bond Street is held an exhibition very similar to that of Mr. Gould, of the political cartoons

and caricatures of Mr. G. R. Halkett, of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Punch*. Mr. Halkett, like Mr. Gould, has a capital eye for a likeness, and his subjects are instantly recognisable. The clever series, "The Seats of the Mighty," is exhibited in the Gallery and also an interesting series of portraits on brown paper of political and military celebrities. In the room beyond are some clever drawings of children in colour by Miss Maud Beddington. They recall Kate Greenaway's charming art by their daintiness and delicacy.

THE LATE CAPTAIN E. H. S. BOXER

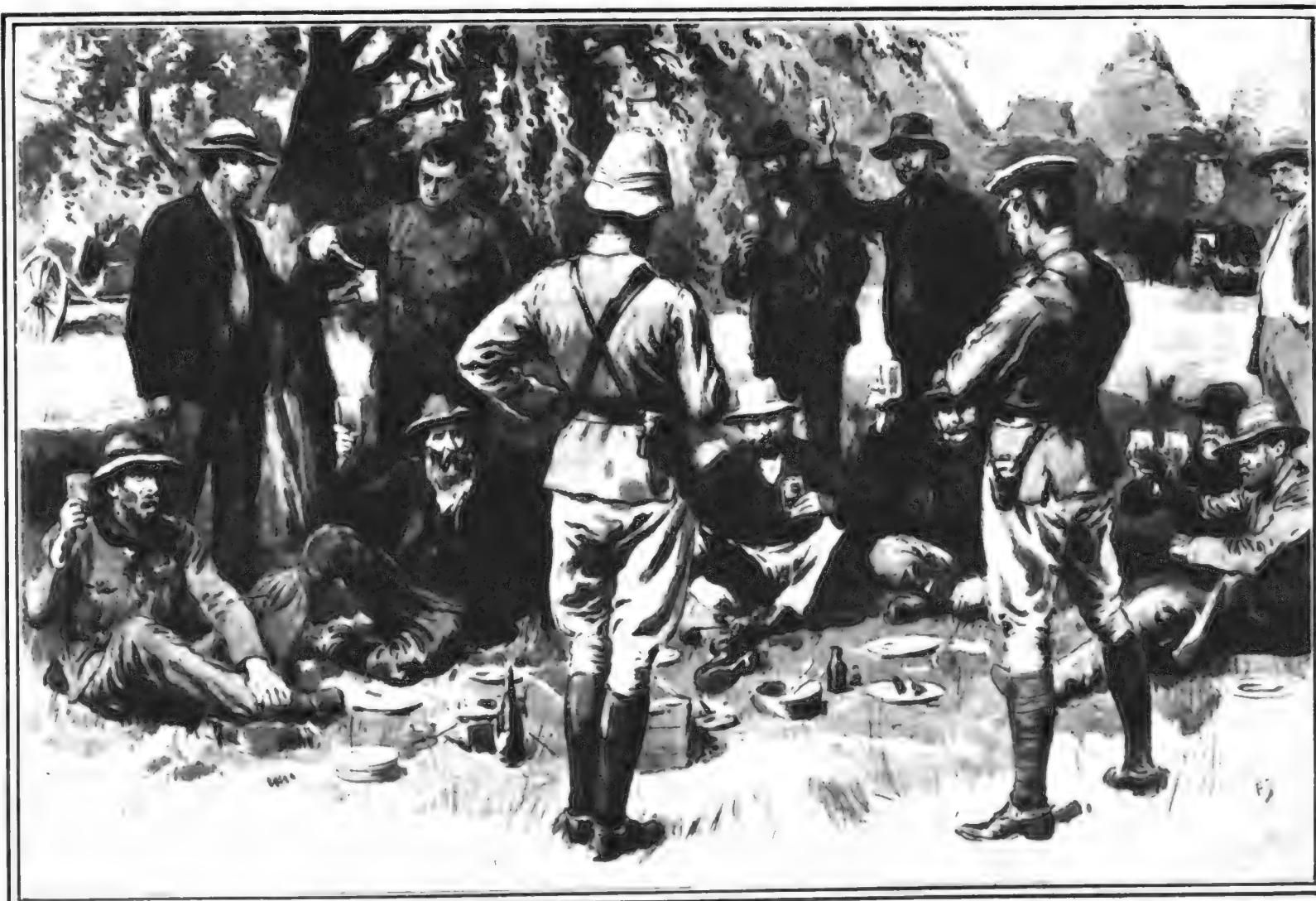
Captain Edward Hood Shrapnel Boxer, 2nd/39th Garhwal Rifles, H.M.'s Vice-Consul at Bunder Abbas, Persian Gulf, who died there from fever, on June 4, was born on July 22, 1869, and was the elder son of the late Lieutenant Edward W. F. Boxer, R.N., who lost his life on September 7, 1870, by the foundering of H.M.S. "Captain," off Cape Finisterre. He was a young officer of great promise. He had passed the Higher Standard and Higher Proficiency in Arabic, Hindustani and Persian, and it was on account of his acquaintance with Oriental languages, and through being well known as a reliable and energetic officer, that he was specially selected by Lord Curzon for this important post on December 6 last. Our portrait is by A. Debenham, Sandown, I.W.

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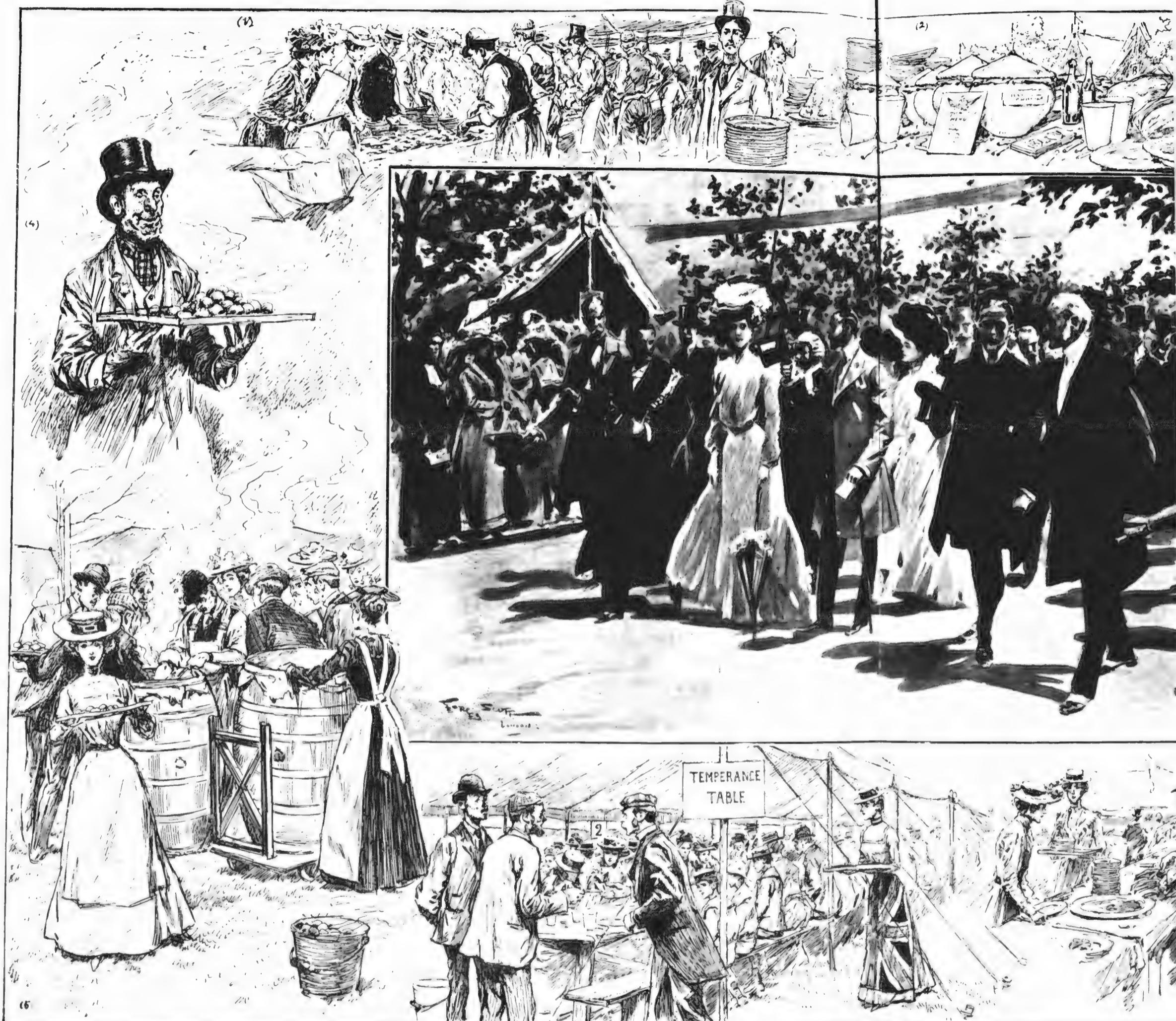


DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

From the Burgher meetings in the Western Transvaal, General De la Rey, Mr. Schalk Burger and other Peace Delegates came into the Naauwpoort West Tafelkop Blockhouse line on their way to the Vereeniging Conference. Near Naauwpoort they made a mid-day halt and were entertained to a champagne

lunch by the regiment in garrison there. After lunch the health of their hosts in particular and the British Army in general was proposed by the delegates and the hope expressed that shortly all would be the best of friends, a sentiment that prepared the way for the news of the general surrender of June 1

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: BOER PEACE DELEGATES TOASTING THE BRITISH ARMY



1. Carvers.

2. The Menu.

3. The Welsh Choir.

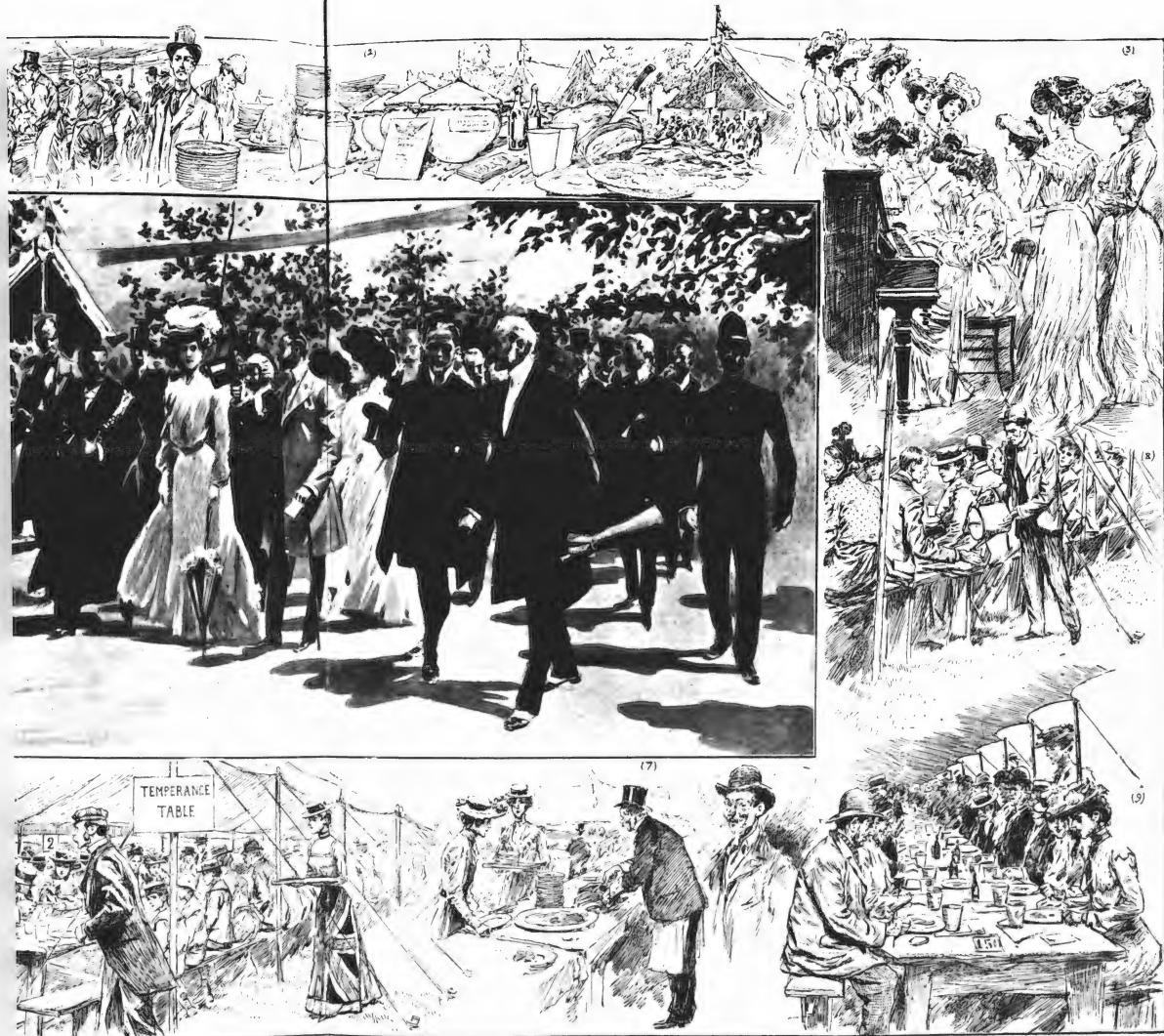
4. A Guest who Helped.

5. The Potatoes.

6. The Temperance Table.

THE KING'S DINNER TO THE POOR IN THE BISHOP'S PARK, FULHAM: THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT



4. A Guest who Helped.

5. The Peanies.

6. The Temperance Table.

7. A Second Helping.

8. The Beer.

9. One of the Tables.

FOR IN THE BISHOP'S PARK, FULHAM: THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

MR. BALFOUR's definite announcement of an autumn Session did not come upon a House unprepared for the shock. It has long been evident that if the Education Bill is this year to be added to the Statute Book, either Parliament must sit into September, or must meet again in the gloaming of the year. It is conceded that the First Lord of the Treasury has chosen the better way. The sultry weather of the current week has strengthened the distaste of members for imprisonment at Westminster beyond the necessary first week in August. Holiday arrangements are already being made on the prospect of the adjournment taking place on the 8th or 9th of August, the sittings being resumed in the middle of October. As the sacred 12th this year falls on a Tuesday, it would be obviously undesirable to break into a fresh week. The 9th being a Saturday may, accordingly, be looked to as the day of happy release.

Meanwhile the Commons have been pegging away in Committee on the Education Bill with a determination and constancy that testify to the importance of the issues. For the while the unity of the Liberal Party has become an actuality. The attendance in numbers and regularity is unprecedented in the history of the still young Parliament. The Front Opposition Bench is a sight to see. Early in the Session practically deserted, it is now uncomfortably crowded. No longer do right hon. gentlemen, once joined in Cabinet bonds, talk "at" each other in debate, and vote in separate lobbies on division. They are each all one in their endeavour to amend the Bill in the direction of deliverance from denominational education. The chief contributors to debate from this quarter are Mr. Bryce, who, as the lieutenant of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, is understood to be his exponent for official views; Sir William Harcourt, who drops in from time to time and uses strong language; and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, usually a silent member, moved by memory to interpose and dwell at length on reminiscences of what happened thirty-two years ago, when Mr. Forster was piloting through the House his historic Education Bill.

These two latter have afforded Mr. Balfour opportunity of lightening his severe labours by flashes of that polished sarcasm of



"Have you the latest news?" is the signal which lately has been made many times by His Majesty's ships, and anxiously the reply is awaited—coasting steamers, possibly but a few hours out from port, being the source of information. Our sketch represents H.M.S. *Andromeda*, Rear-Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, accompanied by H.M.S. *Illustrion*, *Naiad* and *Pegasus*, on their way from Gibraltar to Malta, signalling a tramp early on Sunday morning, June 29. Later it was with heartfelt thanks that a message was received by wireless telegraphy from Malta, stating that the King was progressing favourably. Our illustration is from a sketch by C. E. Vining, R.N.

THE LATEST NEWS OF THE KING

which he is master. One night Sir William Harcourt, in a speech much applauded below the Gangway on his own side, exhausted the dictionary in denunciation of the Bill. Mr. Balfour followed, but instead of pursuing the usual course of labouring to reply in detail, he quietly observed, "Now the right hon. gentleman has relieved his overcharged mind, perhaps we may get on with business." Something of the kind happened on Tuesday night, when Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice stopped the progress of the Bill by giving a not too brief summary of a speech someone had made in debate on Mr. Forster's Education Bill. Mr. Balfour protested that this speech had added a new terror to debate. He was positively afraid of making any further remarks on the Bill, lest thirty years hence, when he is in his grave, some hon. member should disinter his speech and inflict its recital on a hapless House of Commons.

The humour in both cases was more bitter than is the wont of the Leader of the House. But the provocation

was extreme. None but those who suffer it four days a week, know what it is to sit through eight hours' talk on the Education Bill. For the ordinary member it is bad enough, though he is not bound to listen closely to every speech, and has opportunities for occasional relaxation in the Lobby, the Reading-Room, or on the Terrace. Mr. Balfour, in charge of the Bill, is constantly in his place, with the brief interval for dinner that presents itself between half-past seven and nine. Nor can he shirk the duty of listening to a speech, however prosy or provocative. He must weigh the arguments put forward, and be prepared to reply. This duty he gallantly fulfils, very rarely making way for Sir John Gorst to reply. To any man this daily task would be exhaustive. To one of Mr. Balfour's intellectual impatience it must be purgatory.

The rustication of twenty-nine cadets at Sandhurst has deeply stirred a section of the House of Commons. Indignation finds sharpest expression on the Ministerial side. On Tuesday Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill came down prepared to move the adjournment in order to discuss the matter as one of urgent public importance. They found themselves forestalled by Sir Hermon Hodge, who, whether with or without ulterior design, had placed on the Paper a notice to call attention to the matter. However that be, the fact that such a resolution appeared there sufficed to baulk the purpose of Lord Hugh and his lively ally. It is a common manoeuvre, when Ministers desire to shirk irregular discussion of a burning question, to privately incite a member to place on the Paper formal notice of intention to deal with it. Under the Rules such notice blocks all motions for the adjournment. The champions of the rusticated cadets do not mean to let the matter drop. They will bring it up in Committee on the War Office Estimates.

It must be admitted that the French are sufficiently provided with ingenuity in commercial matters, particularly when something in the nature of a swindle is concerned. The latest "croc" is typical. A Parisian household receives one morning a letter from a firm of wine merchants containing a cheque for 20*l.*, which is stated to be a payment for work done. As the recipient has rendered no service to the firm he naturally returns the cheque. Two days later he receives a letter from the firm expressing its gratitude for his honesty and stating that in recognition of it they have forwarded to him a case of their very finest cognac at a merely nominal price. If the recipient of the letter accept the *tout est joué*, and he has a case of execrable potato brandy for which he has paid three or four times its value.



A correspondent writes:—"This photograph shows the condition of an estate which is near the Soufrière Mountain, and gives an idea of the terrible havoc that has been wrought by the eruption. When the photograph (which is by J. C. Wilson, St. Vincent) was taken the land was a burning mass."

A TYPICAL SCENE IN ST. VINCENT AFTER THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION

The Court

THE KING'S HEALTH

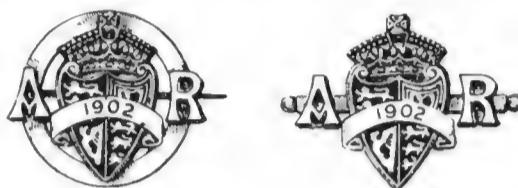
To the great joy and relief of his people King Edward is on the high road to convalescence. His recovery has been steady and rapid beyond expectation, till his doctors have been able to declare him completely out of danger in less than a fortnight from the time when the first news of his dangerous illness came as so great a shock to the nation. Of course convalescence must be slow, and it will be weeks before His Majesty is able to take up his usual active existence, but all cause for anxiety is now past, and complete recovery is only a matter of time. Indeed, it is thought that the King may possibly be better and stronger than before his illness, while undoubtedly the enforced rest and quiet will be of the greatest benefit to so hard a worker. His Majesty is a perfect patient, carrying out his doctors' directions to the letter, always cheerful and bearing suffering with the greatest courage and patience. His great anxiety is for those around him, and for his people's disappointment, but he has been immensely comforted and gratified by the affection and sympathy shown by the nation and his subjects beyond seas. Nor is this sympathy confined to English people, for messages have come from all Courts and almost every quarter of the globe. Queen Alexandra has acknowledged most of the messages in her husband's name, for as yet the King must do as little as possible. By now he signs a few necessary State papers, and sees some of his relatives outside his son and daughters, but every care is taken not to overdo the Royal patient. Medical skill and nursing have done their utmost, and the King's physicians were so devoted that Sir Frederick Treves sat up at night for a whole week. Now comes rather a slow period of advance—the tediousness of convalescence, relieved by the King's keen interest in the affairs of the day and plans for the future. As soon as it is safe to move him, the King will go away for change of air, possibly on board his yacht, or else to Sandringham.

Relieved from the immediate anxiety about the King, Queen Alexandra has been able to act hostess to the Coronation guests with greater freedom. Her Majesty has received most of the chief visitors and had luncheon parties at the Palace daily, besides giving little family dinners. Sunday being a double anniversary—Princess Victoria's thirty-fourth birthday and the Prince and Princess of Wales's wedding-day—the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Prince Arthur of Connaught came to lunch and the Prince and Princess of Wales to dinner. Most of the Queen's time, however, is spent in the King's room, and she rarely leaves the Palace except for any public duty. Her Majesty attended the morning Service at Marlborough House Chapel, on Sunday, with the Duchess of Aosta, Princess Victoria, and the Danish Princes, while on Thursday the Queen was to open the grand Coronation Bazaar at the Botanical Gardens, in aid of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

A great deal of the entertaining has fallen upon the Prince and Princess of Wales. They did the honours at the big India Office Reception to the Indian Princes—a most brilliant scene from the gorgeous attire and magnificent jewels of the Oriental guests and the beautiful decorations. The great hall was a bower of palms, ferns and flowers, and was arranged to represent a starry Eastern sky, a dais at the end under a crimson canopy and an artistically arranged Royal box where the Royal family assembled—Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and family, Princesses Louise and Beatrice, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Duke and Duchess of Aosta. The Prince and Princess of Wales came into the box when all the company had assembled, and the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, presently took up his position on the dais below to receive the homage of the Indian rulers. One by one the Orientals passed before the Prince, bowing

beaker to Prince Edward, who gravely saluted and then shook hands with the giver. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Guy's Hospital on Monday to open the H. M. Queen Raphael Nurses' Home, which is partly built through a legacy from the late Mr. Raphael in memory of his wife. After the ceremony the Prince and Princess had tea at the hospital.

While most of the Coronation festivities have been given up or postponed rightly enough, humbler classes have not been disappointed of their great treats—the King's dinners to the half-million Londoners, and the Queen's teas to servants. In spite of the difficulties of arranging for such a huge number of guests, the King's dinners proved an enormous success, and the enjoyment of the people was delightful to witness. The King had set his mind on the scheme being carried out, and throughout has taken the greatest practical interest in the arrangements. His Majesty and the Queen were to have visited some of the centres, and the Royal Family worked hard to make up for their absence. The Prince and Princess of Wales went first to the biggest centre of all, the Bishop of London's Park at Fulham, where nearly 14,000 people sat down. Later, they went to Poplar, receiving the greeting of the City on the way to the Victoria Park and to the People's Palace in the Mile End Road. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught took under their charge Lincoln's Inn Gardens, Gray's Inn, Finsbury, and the Shoreditch Town Hall, finishing with tea at the Guildhall. Princess Victoria, with Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, undertook Lambeth, Southwark, and Camberwell. Princesses Christian and Beatrice went north respectively to Marylebone and Islington and to Hampstead. Princess Louise was at Paddington and Olympia, the Duchess of Albany at her favourite Deptford, Bermondsey, Lewisham, and Greenwich, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife made a long round by Westminster, Chelsea, and Battersea to the Law Courts, the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, and the Royal Hospital. In all cases the routine was the same. The Royal visitors went round the tables, and the bulletin was read announcing that the King was out of danger, a fitting climax to a happy day. In the main the dinners were pretty much the same everywhere—cold meat, hot potatoes, sweets, and either beer or temperance drinks, while many donors had supplemented the menu with all kinds of gifts—from mustard to chocolate and lime juice to cigars. The people feasted plentifully, helped by an army of voluntary workers, and finally enjoyed variety entertainments before departing in triumph with their memorial mugs. The King was highly gratified with the success of his dinners, and sent a most warm letter of thanks to the Lord Mayor. Now the Queen's teas to servants are in full progress this week and next, beginning with that to the members of the Girls' Friendly Society held at Christ's Hospital. Musical entertainments are a feature of the tea, and each guest will receive a chocolate box and a souvenir brooch.



The design of the brooch to be given at the Queen's Tea to the general servants as a memento of the Coronation consists of a shield bearing the Royal arms and surmounted by a crown with "A." and "R." at the sides. On the back of the brooch is the simple dedication, "From the Queen."

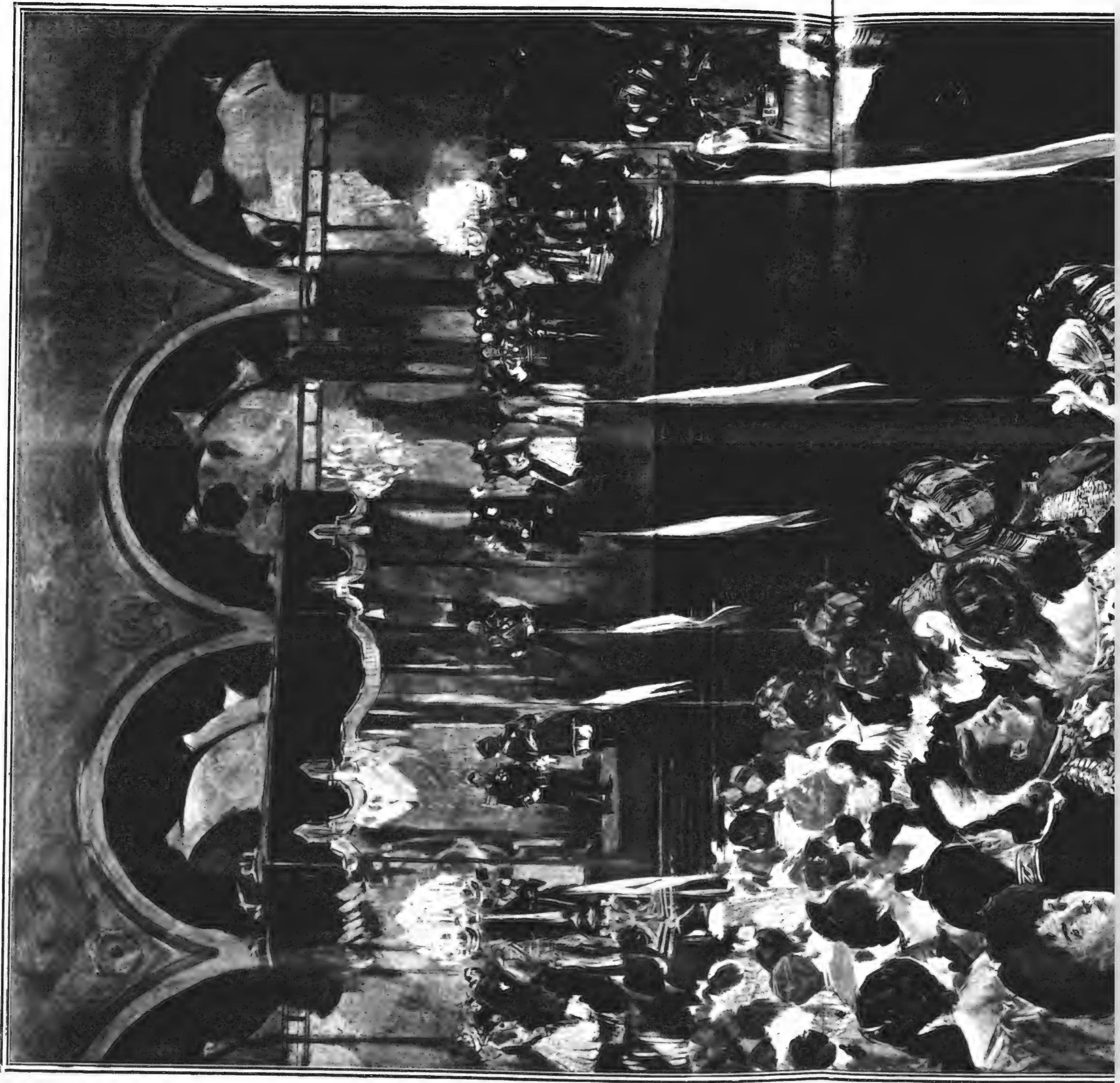
THE BROOCHES GIVEN BY THE QUEEN TO THE GENERAL SERVANTS

low, and they were succeeded by the native officers, each of whom held out the hilt of his sword for the Prince to touch. Another ceremony at which the Prince of Wales presided was the presentation of new colours to the 4th Battalion of Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment). The Prince is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, which was raised two years ago, and makes the Fusiliers a four-battalion regiment. The ceremony took place on the Horse Guards' Parade, and the Princess of Wales with her three eldest children, watched the proceedings from a carriage. Little Prince Edward, the eldest boy, had just been holding a little ceremony on his own account. The Paddington school children wanted to present the young Prince with a gold replica of the Coronation beaker given to the guests at the King's Dinner, so a deputation of children and teachers were received in the Marlborough House Gardens by the Prince and Princess of Wales with Prince Edward and his brother and sister. Introductions over, Master John Aird, son of the Mayor of Paddington, presented the



THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE AT THE REVIEW OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE

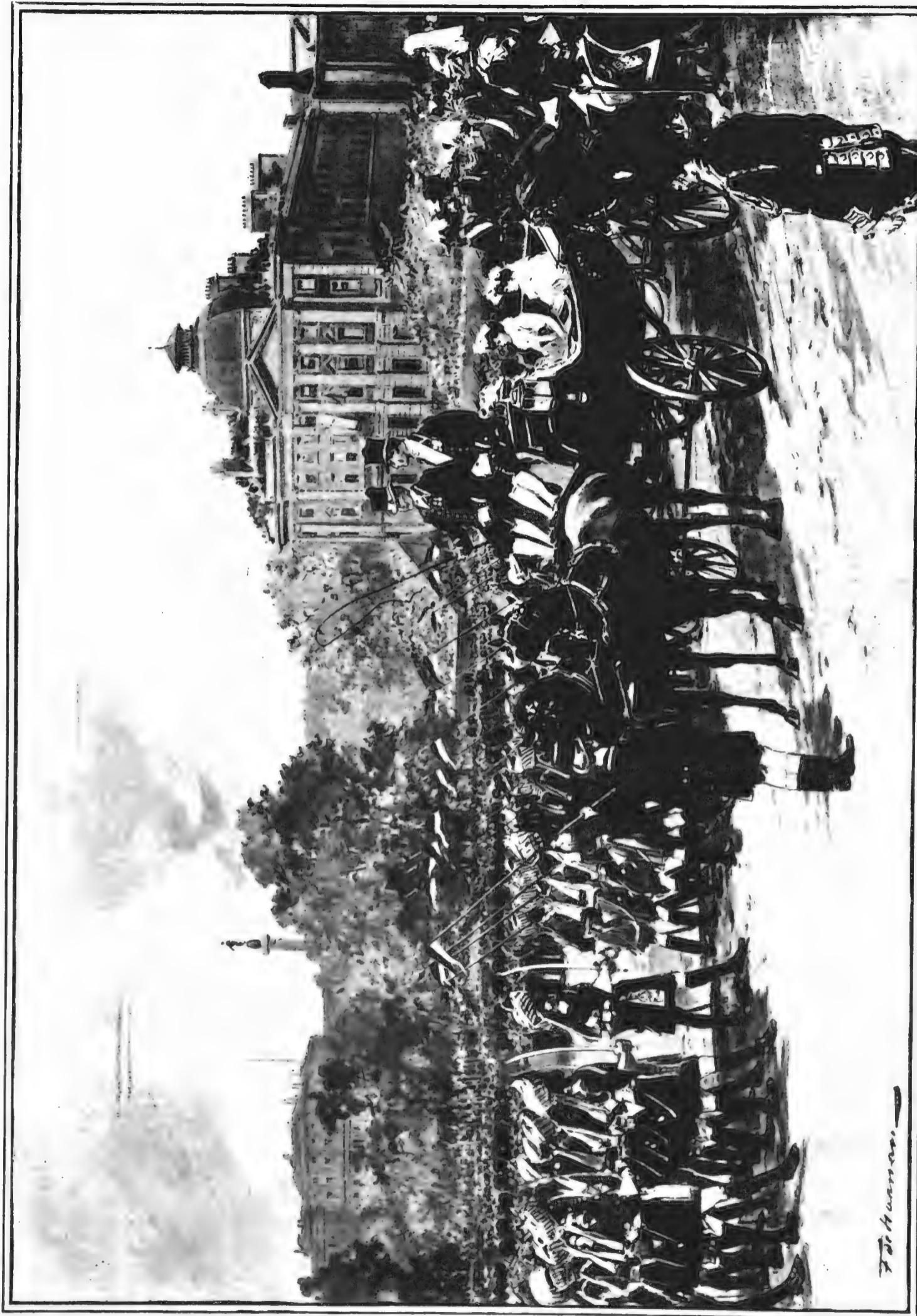
From a Photograph by Dorrett and Martin, Strand





THE RECEPTION AT THE INDIA OFFICE: THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING THE INDIAN OFFICERS

DRAWS BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



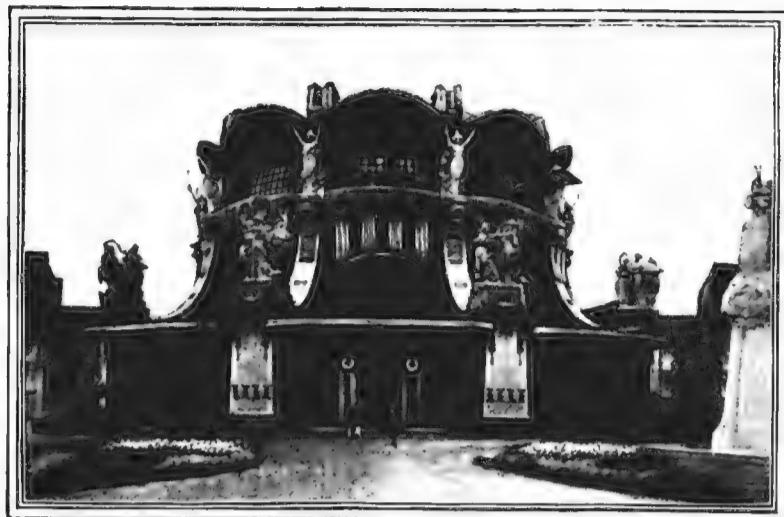
The review of the Indian contingents by the Prince of Wales was a magnificent spectacle. The varied uniforms of the tall turbaned Sikhs, Brahmans, Rajputs, Pathans, Jats, and intrepid little Gurkhas, made a brilliant scene. It was a matter for regret that the fine Bengal Lancers and other cavalry, were not mounted but marched past on foot.

THE REVIEW OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENTS ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE: THE MARCH PAST THE QUEEN

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



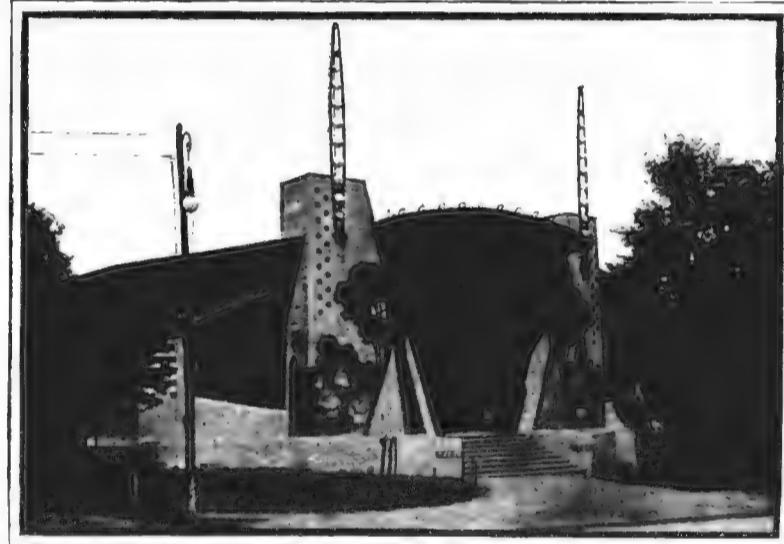
THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE



THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE



THE SCOTTISH SECTION



THE PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION



THE ITALIAN GALLERY



INTERIOR OF THE ROTUNDA AT THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE

The First International Exhibition of Modern Decorative Art is now being held in Turin, and will remain open until the end of November. It is divided into three great sections:—The modern house and its decorative elements, the modern room in its decorative ensemble, and the house and street in their decorative whole. The exhibition buildings, constructed in modern style from the designs of the

architect, M. Raimondo D'Aronco, chief architect of the Sultan, are situated in the beautiful Valentino Park, quite near to the Po and facing the green Torinese hills, an ideal spot for an artistic exhibition. By the side of the Modern Decorative Art Exhibition is the Quadrennial Fine Art Exhibition and several special exhibitions such as those of Artistic Photography, Motor-cars, Wines and Oils, etc.

The Bystander

"Stand by!"—CAPTAIN CUTTIE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

WHO wore the first hat? Why did he wear it? and why should we wear hats at all? It would be very satisfactory to have an answer to these questions. Seeing the head is much better protected in its natural state than any other portion of the body, the extra shield with which we usually invest it, seems to be altogether superfluous. Indeed, it would appear to be far more reasonable to tie up your face than to wear a covering of any description on your head. A young friend of mine is so convinced of the absurdity of wearing a hat or a cap that he dispenses with any kind of head-covering as much as possible. He never wears anything of the kind in the country, and he always goes bare-headed in the evening in town. He says he does not like to be hatless by daylight in case he should be mistaken for a wandering lunatic. Now why are people without their hats always supposed to be wandering lunatics? There is no doubt they are put down as such, though if matters were investigated they probably would be found to have more common sense than their critics. This objection to a novel and reasonable proceeding might be easily overruled by a number of young men constituting themselves a Hatless League, which should be pledged to refrain from any head-covering whatever. In a little while a bare-headed person in the London streets would fail to attract any attention, and I believe the hygienic advantages that the members of the new society would acquire from the bold practice of their principles would be something immense. Another thing—I fancy there would be no more bald-heads in the rising generation, and that a simple and effective cure for thinness of thatch would be at once placed within the reach of all. The Hatless Brigade would speedily accomplish the work which many proprietors of hair-restorers have striven in vain to achieve.

By the way, talking about hats, I recollect once saying in this column that the straw hat was a most becoming head-dress to all sorts and conditions of men, that it gave an air of distinction to even the most commonplace individuals. I still think this to be the case, but I am sorry I cannot say the same for the Panama hat. Now I believe the Panama, as compared with the common straw, is a

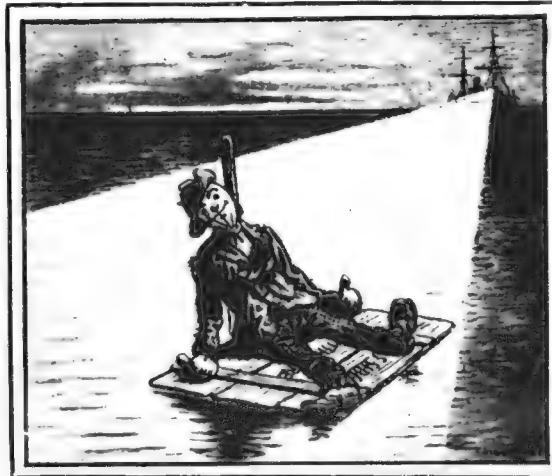
somewhat expensive head-dress; but it is not nearly so universally effective. Some persons can wear a Panama successfully, but they are the exception rather than the rule. You see, the straw has a fixed form, but the Panama can be moulded according to the wearer's fancy, and as his fancy in matters of taste often happens to be wrong, he frequently scarcely looks as well as he might. He turns the brim up, he turns it down, he raises it on the right, he depresses it on the left, he pulls it over his eyes or slouches it on the back of his head, he batters in the crown, or gives it a point of brigand-like fierceness. All the time he fancies he is looking very picturesque, but after all only succeeds in giving some half a dozen versions of the harmless but necessary silly fool of private life.

Complaint has been made in this column of the way in which recently inoffensive people have been jostled when they take their walks abroad in the London streets. From the many letters I have received on the subject, I come to the conclusion that the grievance is not individual, but general. Recently another phase has cropped up which I trust may not become permanent. Indeed, I am inclined to think it is the result of the many visitors we have recently had from the provinces. It is the way in which people combine to take immovable possession of the pavement and block

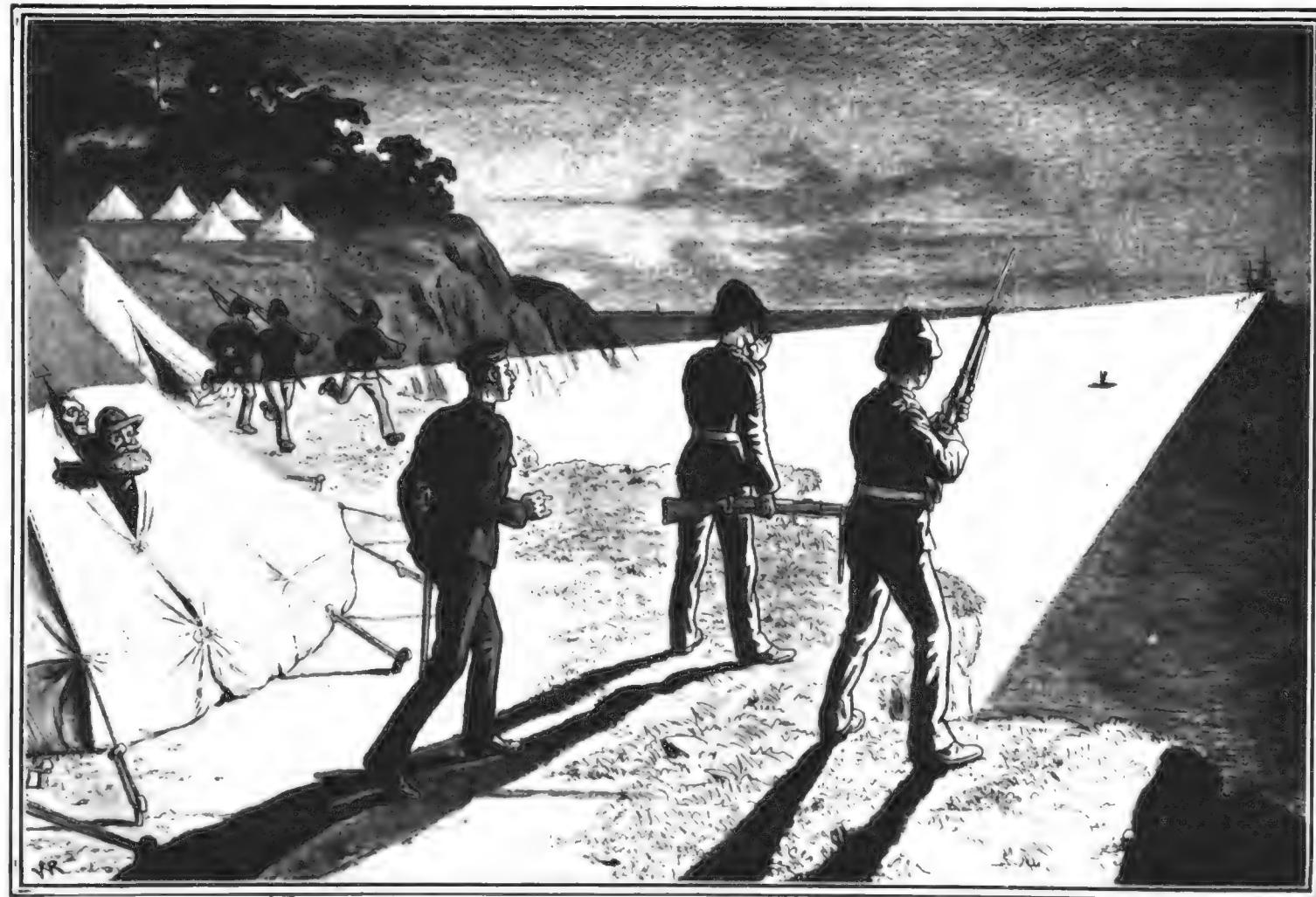
up thoroughfares in all directions. They won't make way for any one—nothing less than a couple of energetic policemen will make them move on—and there they will remain, treating the public pavement as if it were their own garden, and gossiping about their private affairs and never dreaming of the irritation they cause to those who have a special appointment or who want to catch a train.

An obliging correspondent, who writes from near Lincoln and says some very pleasant and flattering things with regard to the amusement he derives from this column, gives some interesting personal reminiscences of the Thames and Severn Canal thirty years ago. Speaking of Sapperton Tunnel, he says: "The students of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester used often to row through the tunnel and back again. We used to row with the oars on one side of the boat only and keep the rudder against us. There was not much room to spare when passing a barge, but we always took a lantern." He also gives an amusing account of the boat on one occasion sinking and the crew being compelled to wade out and eventually to go home in various odd-fitting garments belonging to the landlord of the "Tunnel Inn." The last-named hostelry I know well. I was there the other day and was inspecting the works going on in the tunnel and the neighbourhood. They seem to be making considerable progress, but from what I saw I should scarcely think that the canal would be open for through traffic so soon as next October, as was the period originally announced for the completion of the work.

The British public are, I am glad to see, beginning to appreciate the charm of many of the Northern summer resorts. I believe I was one of the first to draw the especial attention of Londoners to their wondrous air and their many advantages. In the *World* about fifteen years ago I had a good deal to say concerning Lytham, Blackpool, St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, Grange-over-Sands, Morecambe, Silverdale and the delightful resorts round Morecambe Bay, Hoylake, Southport, New Brighton, Colwyn Bay, Lancaster and other pleasant spots in the North. Of course all these places are pretty well known, but how many charming spots there are in the North of which the Londoner knows absolutely nothing. As a general rule, Scotland and the Lakes comprehend most of our Northern excursions, but there is far more to be discovered if we are only energetic enough to find them out. Take, for instance, the Yorkshire dales. What a many pleasant excursions I have had in Wensleydale. I have followed the course of the Yore. I have made myself familiar with Aysgarth, Askrigg and Bainbrigg, and I have swum in Seamer Water, Airedale, I know, too, with Ingleborough, Skipton and Grassington. Swaledale, also, I am well acquainted with, and have mighty pleasant reminiscences of delightful and picturesque Richmond.



THE INNOCENT CAUSE



DRAWN BY W. BALATON

A British sentry, in the stillness of the night, was watching over a portion of the five thousand Boer prisoners on the islands of the Great Sound, Bermuda, when something caught his eye on the calm surface of the water. It appeared in the dim light like a figure on a raft. "Sound the alarm! Guard, turn out! Searchlight, please!" The supposed prisoner escaping turned out to be a little joke of the prisoners, who, to get a rise out of the British soldiers, had dressed up a dummy and sent it to sea on a raft.

"COME BACK OR WE'LL FIRE": A BOER PRISONERS' LITTLE JOKE AT BERMUDA

FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Reprinted from the *Penny Illustrated Paper.*
A HINT TO STOUT LADIES.

LADIES are constantly complaining that they cannot retain their youthfulness of figure without either taking vigorous exercise in the gymnasium, wearing strongly boned and tightly laced corsets, or going in for a course of semi-starvation, to all of which they feel there are the strongest objections. And it is well that the objections are heeded, for all such drastic and exhausting methods of overcoming obesity, or of checking its approach, are weakening and debilitating in the extreme, and, if persevered in, may leave lasting evil effects on the system. Very different, indeed, is the simple and healthful method of *permanently* reducing a too portly figure to beautiful proportions known as the "Rusell" treatment. By means of this wonderful system the first day's reduction amounts to from 1 lb. to 2 lbs., and this decrease continues daily in the same ratio until normal size and weight are attained. The fullest particulars of the system are set forth by the originator, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, in his admirable book entitled "Corpulence and the Cure" which he will be pleased to send to any applicant who sends him her address and five penny stamp. For the benefit of our stout friends we append Mr. Russell's address: Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

At last the summer heat has come in Paris. After inflicting the chills of November and the showers of April on the suffering citizens throughout the whole of May and June, the Clerk of the Weather has hailed the advent of July by turning on a hot spell in which he is evidently trying to make up for lost time. But, as the French say, "On ne peut pas contenter tout le monde et son père," and there are actually a few people who—for selfish reasons I admit—regret the disappearance of the chilly weather of June. The first day of the change from cold to heat I met the author of one of the dramatic successes of the season looking extremely depressed. I asked him the reason, and he replied, "How should I be otherwise? Every day the heat continues means a diminution of the receipts of my play by fifty per cent."

Fortunately, however, all the Parisians are not dramatic authors or theatrical managers, and the population at large rejoices at the advent of the warm weather. The Paris season, which, thanks to the chilly weather, had been prolonged beyond the Grand Prix, which usually marks its term, has come to a sudden end, and a general exodus to coast and country has begun. The hoardings of the city are placarded with alluring posters of the various railway companies to tempt the citizens to sea or mountain, and in a week's time "everybody" will have left town. Of course a couple of million or so will always remain, but socially they do not count. Then the foreign invasion will begin, and the boulevards and places of amusement still open will be given up to the conquest of the stranger from strange lands.

It is curious to note the extent to which the French Press is becoming enterprising, and the fashion in which the principal journals are leaving the beaten track in order to increase their circulation. Formerly, the Paris paper consisted of a leading article, a dozen "echoes" or items of boulevard gossip, a couple of columns of Paris happenings, a dramatic criticism, a book review, and last, but not least, the *feuilleton* or daily instalment of a novel, generally of the "shilling shocker" order, with a palpitating situation at the end of each day's portion. A dozen men made fortunes by writing such stories, and papers like the *Petit Journal* and the *Petit Parisien* owe their circulation of a million copies a day to the skill of men like Ponson de Terail, Xavier de Montepin and Jules Mary. The Paris concierge or *casher de siacre* could not take their morning *cafe au lait* till they satisfied themselves that the beautiful and virtuous heroine—generally a Paris workgirl—had escaped from the clutches of the arch-villain—generally a count or marquis.

Foreign intelligence was represented by half a dozen paragraphs provided by the Press agencies, and an occasional letter from a foreign correspondent. The credit for the present revolution is due

in a great measure to the *Matin*, which was the first to understand that if news was wanted there was only one city in which it could be found, and that was the city of London. When it established its special wire it inaugurated a revolution. Parisians began to find that foreign countries existed, and before twelve months were out a dozen other newspapers had been dragged into line.

The latest move of the *Matin* and its evening edition, the *Français*, is somewhat amusing, and is also borrowed from the English Press. They have informed their readers that from Tuesday next they will send out in the various quarters of the city a number of agents who will distribute envelopes containing all kinds of "surprises" to such people as they meet carrying either the *Matin* or the *Français*. This, it will be remembered, was the scheme adopted by two weekly journals in London.

Minor Exhibitions

SOME of the late Sir Noel Paton's pictures and many of his designs are hung in one of the rooms of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, and there has not been for many years any exhibition which so comprehensively and so curiously illustrates that "Pre-Raphaelite" period of British Art, of which Sir Noel was one of the last survivors. The famous example of that school, "Luther at Erfurt," which was in the Royal Academy of 1861, is here—a marvel of minute finish, with the accessories painted as Van Eyck would paint them—and so is the "Fairy Raid," which dates from a few years later.

In the same gallery a room is set apart for the extremely interesting collection of theatrical portraits by Samuel de Wilde, a Dutchman, who was brought to England as an infant in about 1750, and in 1795 became a specialist in this particular branch of portraiture, and illustrated for posterity the complete history of that "brilliant epoch of acting which fascinated Charles Lamb," so says Mr. Joseph Grego in his very interesting preface to the catalogue. Charles Matthews, Macklin, Macready, Bannister, the Kembles, Liston, Kitty Stephens, Clara Fisher, Mrs. Humly, and many others, are represented in the characters in which they were famous.

Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, the well known author of guide-books, whose "Walks in Rome" has gone into fifteen editions, has sent to the Leicester Gallery, in Leicester Square, a series of 136 water-colour paintings of Italy, for which he has gone to the byways of that lovely land, knowing as he does—no one knows better—that the great charm of Italian travel lies there rather than in its high ways. "Those tourists," says Mr. Hare, "are happiest who leave the beaten track, with its odious Anglicised or Americanised hotels, and plunge into what remains of the beautiful Italy of forty years ago." And so Mr. Hare takes us to the Lago d'Iseo, Alatri, Bieda with its Etruscan and Roman bridges, Segni with its

Cyclopean walls, to the Sacred Grove of Subiaco, to the summit of Soracte, and to a hundred other places.

Mr. Tom Browne is in great force at the Stafford Gallery in Old Bond Street, with his "Night Side of London," a series of eighty-three drawings, which hit off amusingly the various aspects of the Metropolis, indoors and out, after sundown. Mr. Browne excels in drawing the figure in motion, and the scenes in which he deals with the light fantastic toe are very successful—the shilling hop at the Holborn Town Hall, for instance, and a dance at a supper club. The main part of Mr. Browne's work at the Stafford Gallery is in black and white, but he has a few good things in water-colour.

The Queen's Chocolate Box

THE 10,000 maids-of-all-work who are to be the guests of the Queen at the Coronation tea will receive a souvenir in the shape of a decorated box of Queen's chocolate. The box, which is handsomely designed in white and blue colouring, bears in the centre a medallion portrait of the Queen on a red ground. The box bears the date 1902, and under the portrait are the words, "From Queen Alexandra." The souvenir has been prepared and presented to the Queen by Messrs. Rowntree and Co., of York, and the tin has been designed by Messrs. Barringer, Wallis, and Manners, of Mansfield.

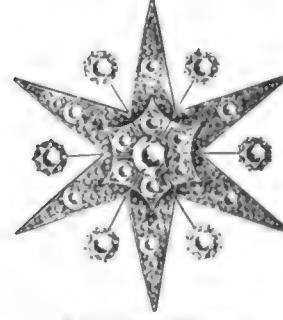


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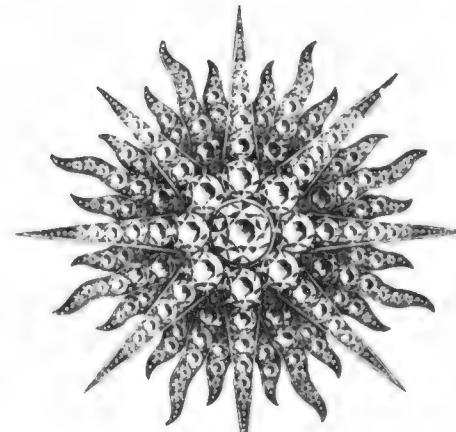


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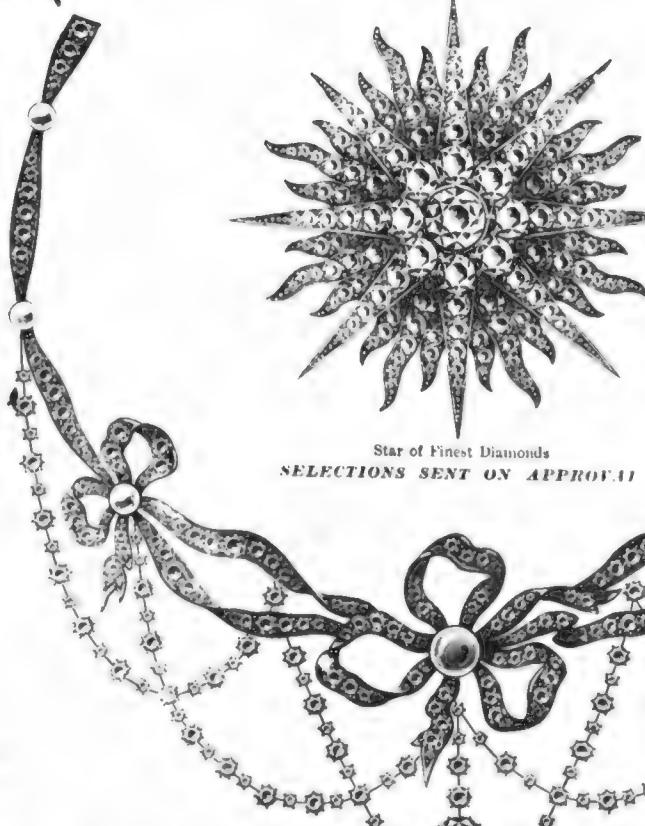
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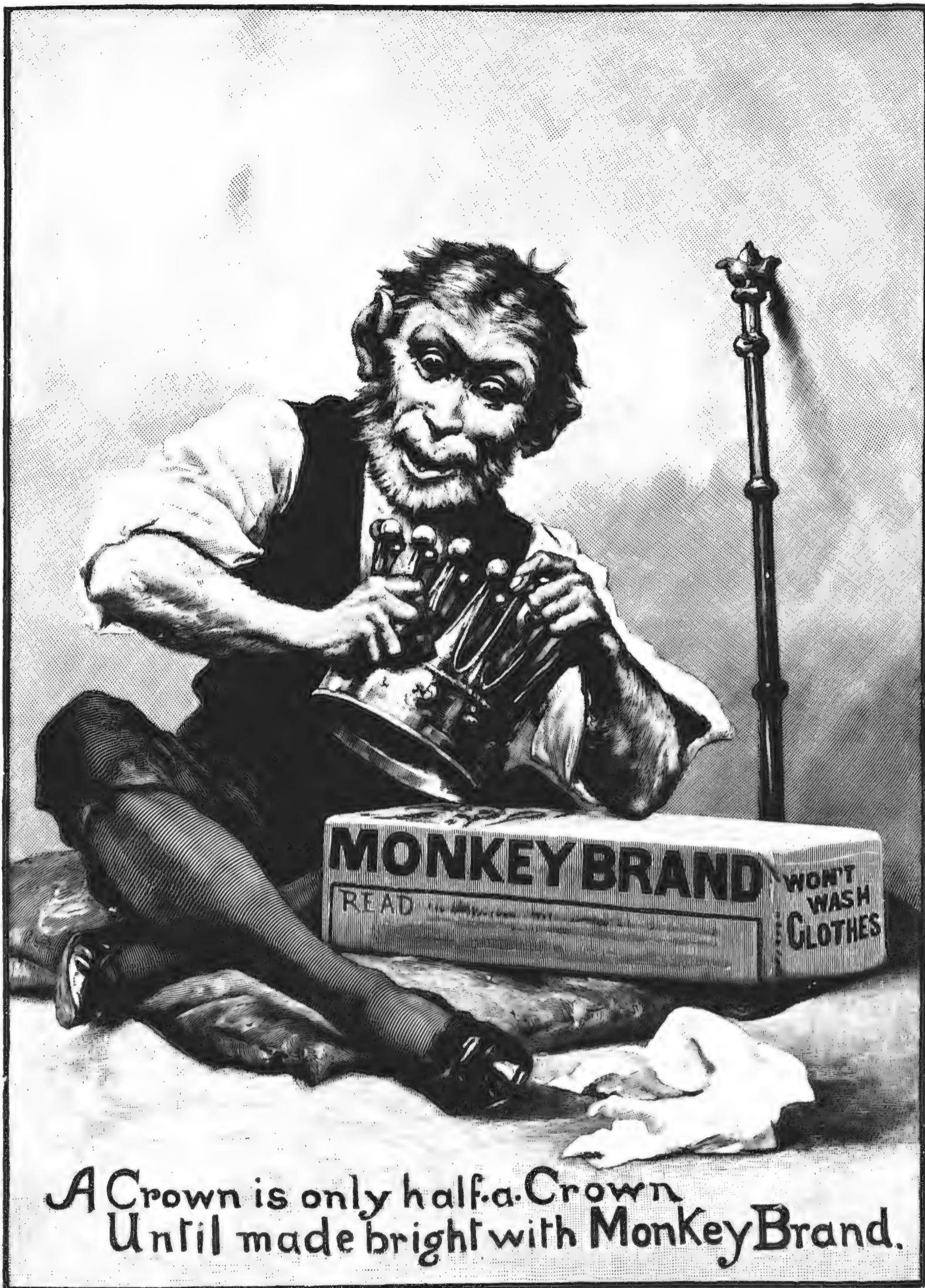


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SIR HENRY WATERFIELD has just retired after a career of nearly fifty years in the public service. It was as Financial Secretary that Sir Henry Waterfield made his great official reputation. In this connection it is difficult to exaggerate the value of his services to the India office and to India. Perhaps the most striking of the financial measures, with which his name will ever be associated was the closing of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver in 1893. It was no small privilege to take an important part in the establishment of a new currency system, which has already caused a marked improvement in the position of the public finances of India, and which promises to have a beneficial influence on the commercial development of that country. But still more important has been the vigilant and successful work Sir Henry Waterfield has done in maintaining the credit of India on the London money market, although it has not attracted so much popular attention as the dramatic act of closing the Indian Mints. In 1870, three-tenths of the sterling debt of India bore interest at 5 per cent., and seven-tenths at 4 per cent. To-day about one-half of the sterling debt consists of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, more than three-tenths of 3 per cent. stock, and one tenth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock. In fact, at this moment, the credit of India in Europe is superior to that of most British Colonies, and of many European Powers, excepting, of course, the United Kingdom itself; and this result has been achieved in spite of heavy military requirements and the demands which plague and reiterated famines made on the resources of the Indian Government. Sir Henry Waterfield has also rendered invaluable assistance in adjusting the accounts between the Government of India and the War Office arising out of the provision of British troops toward the garrisoning of India; and now these payments may be regarded as having been at last placed on a fairly equitable basis. Sir Henry Waterfield is also the author of the first (1860) of the annual "Reports on Moral and Material Progress of India," and of a "Memorandum on the Census of British India, 1871-2." A very large amount of most useful work was performed by him as a witness before Select Committees, Royal Commissions and other similar bodies—as before the Select Committees on "The Depreciation of Silver" (1876), "Railway Communications in India" (1884), "East India Civil Servants" (1890), the Royal Commissions on "Gold and Silver" (1887), "Indian Expenditure" (1895-7), and the Committee on "Indian Currency" (1898). Sir Henry Waterfield was secretary of the last-named Committee during 1892-3. Our portrait is by Adolphus Tear, Notting Hill Gate.

Surrey Cricket is practically the history of cricket throughout the country, for as Mr. Ashley-Cooper, one of the contributors to the work, remarks, "Surrey is the 'Cradle of Cricket,' an honour which many commentators have declared to belong to the little Hampshire village of Hambledon, and to Hambledon alone." The earliest-known reference to the game in an active form within the borders of the county is to be found in a document relating to a dispute in 1598 respecting a plot of land at Guildford, whilst it was in the seventeen-twenties that Kennington Common, now the Park,

and the Rev. T. O. Keny. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of old prints, and of photographs of past and present Surrey notabilities. Perhaps the most important chapter is the first in which Lord Alverstone reviews the present state of the game, as it puts forward many valuable suggestions by which, in his opinion, County Cricket could be raised to a higher level.

"FROM THE FLEET IN THE 'FIFTIES'."

Interesting as letters from the Crimea during the Russian War must necessarily be, we doubt whether Mrs. Kelly's volume will add much to the general knowledge of that successful yet (for us) disastrous campaign. The letters embodied in the work were written from the seat of war by the Rev. Kelson Stothert, the Chaplain to the Naval Brigade, and are, for the most part, a dressed from H.M.S. *Queen* to his father or mother. Of the hardships endured by our gallant soldiers and sailors during that terrible winter, the Chaplain writes most pathetically. In a letter dated November 6, 1854, off the Katcha, he says :

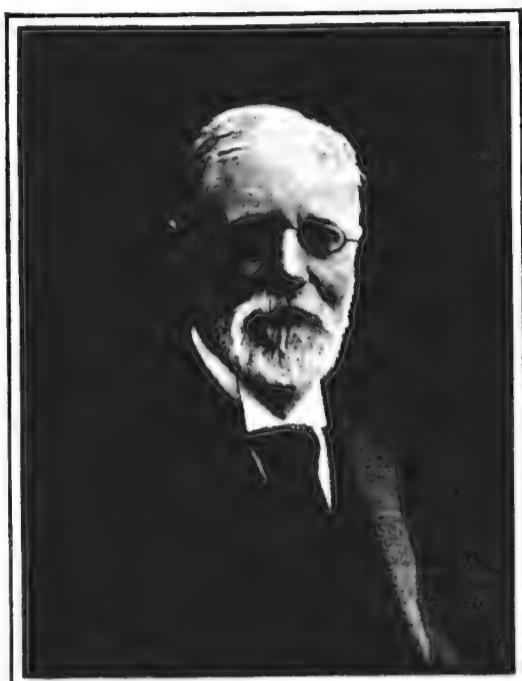
I have no hope myself of our reducing Sevastopol, at least this year, but I trust that Lord Raglan will brave even the heavy odds yesterday brought against him, and will fight to the last man. Reinforcements were promised us, but they will come too late, like the shiploads of nurses, sago and arrowroot, which the good people of England are sending out in such haste for the benefit of those who are now well, or but masses of corruption in their last resting-places. The more one thinks of it the more indignation burns against the solemn stupidity, or apathy, or treachery of those who doomed a gallant army to activity and miserable death, instead of supplying them with stores, ammunition and all the provisions for fighting, and for flinging them against Sevastopol the moment the first note of war was heard. Had this been the case the day had been our own, the cause of justice triumphant and 20,000 men in health and strength. Now many families are needlessly in sorrow, our enemy scorns us, and both army and navy begin to be shaded in gloom.

Mr. Stothert gives an interesting account of the explosion of a mortar shell in the trenches before Sevastopol. He says :

The shells are thirteen inches in diameter, and take two men to lift. Fancy one of these enormous projectiles coming down! The effect is tremendous. Just as we were entering the covered way leading to the trenches, one fell on a wooden platform and penetrated 45 feet through beams of oak bolted firmly together, uprooting all. We saw the wreck as we passed. Look-out men are posted at intervals to watch for shell. When the cry of "Mortar, mortar!" is raised, hurry-scurry is the order of the day. All eyes are fixed on the advancing monster. He can be seen slowly coming on about half a mile in the air, and the thoughts of all are intensely occupied to discern where he will fall. The only plan is to stand quite still until the rushing mass is close upon you; then, if shelters can be found at a few yards' distance for it; if not, throw yourself on the ground and trust in God. . . . The shell I have spoken of came to earth about ten yards to our rear. As it touched the ground some fell flat and others ran like rabbits. I seized a small muddy, who stood astonished at the disturbance, and kindly (I) shoved him down forcibly into a hole in the battery, and bolted round a corner myself just as the explosion took place, receiving a charge of dust and stones in my leg that made me limp for some time. There was a great laugh against me when it was discovered that I had jammed the youngster into a magazine, the most dangerous of all places at that especial juncture. No one was hurt, but one of the bluejackets had his pipe knocked out of his mouth with a splinter. This is a fact, for I saw it with my own eyes. The man with the greatest sang-froid, asked if we could give him another light. It was the third time he had been served so.

Later the Chaplain founded the first Christian Church in Turkey, for which he was presented with a handsome silver cup by the inhabitants of Ortaquoi, Constantinople. The book is undoubtedly interesting, but, as we have already remarked, throws little fresh light on the Crimean War. Vice-Admiral Powlett contributes a short and able preface to the volume, which is illustrated with sketches by the late Mr. William Simpson, R.I.

"From the Fleet in the 'Fifties.'" By Mrs. Tom Kelly. (Hurst and Blackett.)



SIR HENRY WATERFIELD
The Retiring Financial Secretary to the India Office

Our Bookshelf

SURREY CRICKET, ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS."

This somewhat bulky volume will prove of the greatest possible interest to all cricketers and lovers of the game, more particularly, of course, to Surrey men. But at the same time the history of

"Surrey Cricket, its History and Associations." Edited by the Right Hon. Lord Alverstone, L.C.J. (President), and C. W. Acock (Secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club). (Longmans.)

first became famous as a cricketing centre, some of the contending sides representing London, Kent, Mitcham and Surrey. The first occasion on which names and the total scores are given is in a match England and Surrey played on June 2 and 3, 1749. From that time down to the present the volume contains records of all the principal and of all the most curious matches. In addition to the articles written by the editors, valuable chapters are contributed by Messrs. E. B. V. Christian, F. S. Ashley-Cooper, John Shuter and D. L. A. Jephson,

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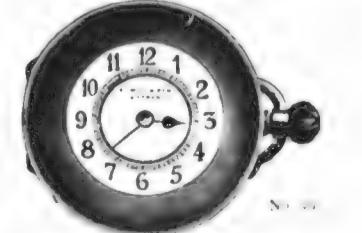
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Mild in Red; Medium in Blue; Tawny in White Packets and Tins.

"THE KENTONS"

Mr. W. D. Howells has produced a masterpiece of minute portraiture in his family history of "The Kentons" (Harper and Brothers). These good people are an ex-judge of Tuskingum, Ohio, who had been in the War, and was amusing his leisure by compiling a regimental history; his wife; his serious daughter, Ellen; his flirtatious daughter, Lottie; and two sons, Richard, a married lawyer, and Boyne, a lad of fifteen. Apart from their provincial peculiarities—which appear to be strongly marked in Ohio—they are essentially commonplace people; they do nothing worth mentioning, beyond a well-merited cowhiding inflicted by Richard; and nothing worth mentioning happens to them, beyond a kiss (the cause of the cowhiding) inflicted upon Ellen. But then to speak of the ordinary doings, sayings and sufferings of ordinary people as not worth mentioning is to reckon without Mr. Howells. He makes them live, so that we not only enter into their innermost psychological corners, but we hear their voices and should know them if we met them. "The Dean," said Swift's Stella, "could write beautifully on a broomstick"; and even so can Mr. Howells write interestingly on—the Kentons, and amusingly besides. No doubt the novel will be better appreciated by American than by British readers, to whom the distinctive idiosyncrasies of the several States are not so familiar as those, say, of Kent and Cumberland. Then "a slight whopper-jaw twist that was charming"; "a sort of muted scrap"; "she had no use for anybody who had any use for rag-time"; "they behaved very amiably"; or to say of a woman as having married a second husband "in the sort of middle period following upon her less mortuary survival of" her first—these and similar phrases oblige one to regret the absence of a glossary and a few up-to-date rules of English grammar. That, however, is the solitary point on which Mr. Howells gives us cause to complain.

"A KING'S WOMAN"

"A King's Woman: Being the Narrative of Miss Penelope Fayle, now Mistress Frobisher, Concerning the late Troublous Times in Ireland," is the full title of Katharine Tynan's new novel (Hurst and Blackett). The "Troublous Times" are those of '98 and the years following; it is difficult for any novelist to be uninteresting on that subject, and impossible for Katharine Tynan. While the circumstances are familiar the incidents are new; and the standpoint is the novel one of a young Quakeress whose pride in being a King's woman by no means limits her sympathies. The scene of the story is laid in County Cork, and opens with one of those abductions that played so singularly large a part in the life of a somewhat older Ireland, but with an ending that strikes us as without precedent—at least in fiction; how it may be with regard to fact would be rash to say. The story is altogether fuller of action than one associates with the name of its author, but its chief

value is as a vivid picture of the period unquestionably coloured by direct tradition.

"A FRIEND OF NELSON"

Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson has written, under the above title, a rather good story (Longmans, Green and Co.) of an attempt to assassinate our national hero at the instigation of Napoleon, and its frustration by the young naval officer who is made to tell the tale. It is certainly romantic enough, considering the prominent parts played in it by a scion of Royalty who lives the life of an outlawed chief of smugglers and wreckers in a cave by Beachy Head, and by the beautiful French widow known among the Prince Regent's circle as "the Fair Enigma." But the whole story is told with such convincing simplicity, and with so many skilfully, and as if accidentally, introduced allusions to real people and events, that one seems

to be reading one of those tales that are notoriously stranger to fiction. Having called the story "rather" good, we should that the manner of telling it is very good indeed.

"SOMETHING IN THE CITY"

Florence Warden's "Something in the City" (John Long) turns out to be something in Hammersmith—a couple of semi-detached villas and a second-hand clothes shop ingeniously connected for business purposes of a gang of jewel robbers and their receiver. Mystery, we need not say, hangs about these suburban dwellings even before the discovery, by an innocent tenant of one of them, a corpse in the garden, and of its buttons in the clothes-shed window. The authoress of "The House in the Marsh" is the clearest living exponent of the art of domestic architecture of flesh-creepingly and blood-curdling style, applying to the unlikeliest perpetrations of the London builder the great canons of theory and practice laid down in the *Castle of Otranto*. From chapter-end to chapter-end the creepiness and curdling culminate from climax to climax, till there is absolutely nothing left but to make a clean sweep of the scoundrels and to make the regulation pair of lovers happy.

"A WOMAN'S NO"

The most telling incident in Mrs. Lovett Cameron's "A Woman's No" (John Long) is a Man's No—the very decided "No" of Lord Manning when Miss Gertrude Tracey eloped with him, very much against his will. How such a very unusual situation was brought about, Mrs. Cameron must be left to tell in her own striking, if not strikingly probable way. Her habitual readers ought to be warned, in order to prevent possible disappointment, that sporting matters are, in the present instance, conspicuous by their absence. The entire interest is brought to bear upon a pair of not violently troubled love stories, and it will be found amply sufficient by the fortunate majority of the easily pleased.

"SCHEVENINGEN," BY "MARS"

Indefatigable "Mars" has produced another album—this time illustrating the types and characteristics of Scheveningen and its visitors. With his usual happy versatility he has produced an admirable series of pretty and amusing illustrations of the daily life and routine of the little Dutch watering-place, which, in a comparatively few years, has grown from a quiet and unpretentious sand-girt hamlet to one of the most fashionable and lively watering-places in Europe. The illustrations in the book are better and brighter than ever, and "Mars's" rendering of the well-favoured Dutch maidens and of the charming child visitors will inspire those who have not yet visited Scheveningen to make it an item in their summer holiday.

"Scheveningen," par "Mars." (Belinfante Frères, The Hague.)



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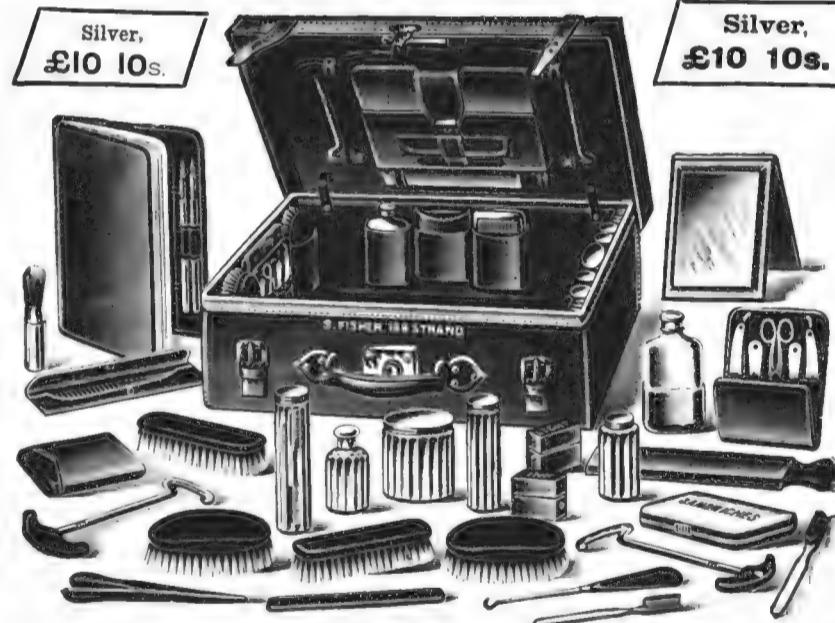
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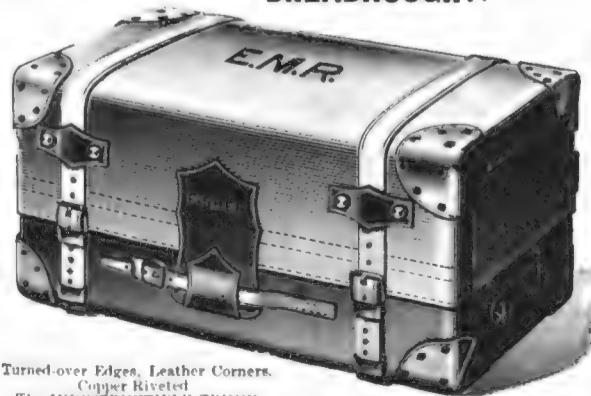
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"THE PRINCESS OSRA"

NOVELTIES at Covent Garden are now, as a rule, reserved till towards the end of the summer. At the outset of the present season, indeed, no novelties were expected at all; but since then new works have been accepted from the pens respectively of Mr. Bunning and Miss Ethel Smyth. Miss Smyth's *Der Wald* is to be produced next week, while Mr. Bunning's *Princess Osra* was announced for last Wednesday, but owing to the need for further rehearsals, was postponed till next Monday. A brief account of the opera will, however, be of interest.

Mr. Bunning is chiefly known as a composer of light music, such as an orchestral "Village Suite," dainty and wholly unambitious music, which was produced at the Crystal Palace six years ago. He has also, it seems, written a still unperformed opera, upon the subject of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and for some time he was conductor at the Prince of Wales's Theatre and elsewhere. His *Princess Osra* is based upon one of Mr. Anthony Hope's stories, and it was composed to a French libretto by M. Maurice Bérenger, expressly for M. Messager, who is conductor at the Paris Opéra Comique, and artistic director at Covent Garden. M. Messager thinks so highly of the work, that he decided to conduct it himself.

so mighty of the work, that he decided to conduct it himself.

In the original story the Princess Osra is the unconscious slayer of men's hearts. Her victims are numerous, although the fact that all men fall headlong in love with her, is due more to her beauty than to any wish of her own. Nevertheless, she is full of lively spirits and fun. One of the most laughable stories in Mr. Hope's book is that of a somnolent and self-satisfied Miller, whom the Princess in one of her frolicksome moods has met while she is disguised as a peasant. She has even made an appointment to marry him, but she forgot all about it; and the Miller is perfectly satisfied when he is mated instead to a luxom farm wench, who happens to be present at the delayed wedding. The particular story dealt with in the opera is, however, the tragic history of Stephen the silversmith. Prince Henry has fallen in love with the Countess Hilda, a Maid of Honour, to the great disgust of his father King Henry the Lion, who resolves to put a stop to the *mésalliance*. Accordingly, at the laughing suggestion of the Princess Osra, the Monarch sends for the Silversmith to the Palace, and sternly commands him to wed the Countess Hilda. To the astonishment of the entire court, the Smith firmly refuses, on the ground that he is in love with somebody else, and has resolved to marry no one until the lady of his choice has thrice refused him. It is perfectly obvious that the Princess Osra is hinted at, and in the last act of all, in her endeavour to assist the flight of her brother, Prince Henry, and Countess Hilda, she is obliged to take refuge from the mob in the Smith's house. The Smith treats her honourably, and indeed bars the way to the King's messengers. But the Smith is slain, and the opera ends as the penitent Princess receives his dying kiss.

The cast of the opera includes the new Scottish *prima donna*, Miss Mary Garden, as the Princess, Mlle. Maubourg as the Countess Hilda, M. Maréchal as Stephen, M. Sevilliac as Prince Henry, M. Flançon as the King, and M. Gillibert as the King's Fool, who has a good deal to do in the court scene in the second act.

Some of the principal artists of the season have now taken their departure, among others, most of the German vocalists. Madame Calvé sang for the last time on Monday, and Madame Nordica left England on Saturday. Both these *prime donne* have had an exhausting season in America before they came here; and both will now enjoy a rest. The latest additions to the season's repertory have been *La Traviata*, more particularly for Madame Melba and Signor Caruso, and a revival of *Manon* for Miss Garden and M. Maréchal. The delightful melodies of Verdi's work were splendidly sung by Madame Melba and by M. Caruso, both indeed sharing the honours in the popular duet "Parigi o cara."

both indeed sharing the honours in the popular diet. "Yang, o east."
M. Massenet's *Manon* is perhaps the best of the many operatic versions of the Abbé Prevost's story, which has also been set by Auber, Puccini, Kleinmichel, and others. Indeed, the English version of Massenet's opera, as played by the late Carl Rosa's Company, with Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Maas at their head, had some years ago a long tour in the country. Covent Garden is, however, too large a house for a work of such refinement, symmetry and grace; and although it has more than once been tried there, first by Miss Sybil Saunderson and M. Van Dyck, and six years ago by Madame Melba and M. Alvarez, the opera has never become popular in the grand season. So far as the Covent Garden performance was concerned, it was magnificently mounted, and fair justice was done to the music by M. Maréchal (who appeared to much greater advantage as *Des Gueux* than as *Faust*) and Miss Mary Garden. This young lady, who is one of the singers at the Paris Opéra Comique, was born twenty-five years ago at Aberdeen, and although as a child she lived some time in America, her musical experiences have hitherto exclusively been in Paris. She is a bright singer and an agreeable actress, with excellent facial expression, and although not perhaps a great *prima donna*, her performance of *Manon* was very charming. The gavotte sung by *Manon* in the scene of the *Cours la Reine*, written expressly for Madame Marie Roze, was encored.

CONCERT

A good many concerts are still in progress, but a rapid glance over them will suffice. M. Kubelik, owing to the great heat, nearly fainted on the stage at St. James's Hall on Saturday; but after an interval, during which that clever young pianist, Miss Dorothy Maggs, gave some pianoforte solos, he recovered sufficiently to finish his programme. After his final performance to-day, however, he will return to his native land to enjoy a long rest after his arduous American and British engagement.

At the Crystal Palace the Peace Concert, with an orchestra of 3,000 performers under Dr. Cowen, drew a large audience on Saturday. But the programme was far less interesting than usual, and its chief items indeed were some numbers from Sir Arthur Sullivan's early *Te Deum*, written thirty years ago, the recovery of the King from his illness, and Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture, the latter fortified by a military band and by the accompaniment of artillery, let off from the terraces. It appears the cannon effect was sanctioned by Tschaikowsky himself, but only for outdoor performances. Concerts have also been given by Mr. Ganz, by Mr. Bispham, who was announced to repeat Strauss' "Enoch Arden," by Miss Hollander, a lady with a capital contralto voice, by the Hungarian violincellist Foldesy; by Mlle. Révy, who also has sung at the Opera, by Miss Agnes Whitehead, and others.

Rural Notes

THE SEASO

WHEAT is coming into bloom on the southern slopes of the South Downs and also in parts of Thanet and East Essex. The growth since July came in has been very rapid, but there were such heavy arrears to overtake that August 11 is likely to be the ordinary commencement of the harvest instead of the 1st of the month, which is the average date. The 11th will be chosen by many farmers because it is a Monday, and the Bank Holiday will have been got over by then. We hear of labourers already being contracted for to come from Ireland from August 11 to September 6, and this will this year be the harvest period in England. Scotland is not so behindhand as usual and will be harvesting from August 18 to September 20 or thereabouts. The wet June has kept the forest trees and the garden shrubs in equally good show of green, and the roses, lilies and other garden flowers are recovering from the want of sunshine which delayed their development on the spring side of the summer solstice. The great white lilies which no new varieties ever supersede, now make a fine show. The season is marked by cheapness and abundance of green vegetables, spinach, beans, peas, cucumbers, and early vegetable marrows all being of good quality and in large supply. The later sorts of strawberries have done well, but the earlier varieties were ruined by June rain and cold. The hops have improved of late, but are not expected to be a full yield in any county.

THE LAST ROYAL SHOW: OLD STYLE

No little interest attaches to the great exhibition which closed its gates yesterday evening at Carlisle. It has been attended by a goodly number of agriculturists, and the Scots' support has been very considerable. There has been a large gathering of old *habitues*, to whom this is the last show they will ever attend. The Royal is not a representative body, and the decision of the Council to locate the show permanently in the London district would in all

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probability have been rejected by a large majority of the members had they been allowed a vote. The plea of the Council was, of course, that the system of visiting each county in turn had after seventy years proved unworkable, that the prize list could not be reduced without losing first place, and that if other institutions as widely separated as the Royal Academy and the County Cricketing Clubs had avowedly to depend upon gate money, the Royal need not feel any shame over avowing a like dependence. A permanent show at Ealing every July will, it is expected, mean a gate which covers all expenses even in a wet summer, and will mean a handsome revenue in fine weather. But the purely agricultural counties can never provide a profitable gate. The Government might have guaranteed the Council against loss on these occasions, for the visits are of great local value and instruction. But the Government is itself a representative and elected body, and it is doubtful if the House of Commons would have voted funds for a non-elective Council, self-nominated and irresponsible. Government grants sooner or later mean Government control. The chief farmers of the four northern

counties are organising a separate northern show to be held in each county every fourth year. They will not support the Royal after it centres itself at Ealing for good. It is a pity, but the complicated situation makes the recent events only too inevitable.

HAY

The "Song of the Scythe," so melodiously embodied in words by Mr. Andrew Lang, is now heard all over England, for the north was, relatively speaking, more forward than the south this year, and so there is no great difference in the dates of the hay harvesting. As compared with last year there is said to be a thirty per cent. improvement in the crop, but of course last season was very deficient in grass and hay. If we reckon a thirty per cent. increase on last year's crop we shall get 21,610 ewt. off every holding of a thousand acres. This seems a great increase, but we believe it will be fully obtained; moreover the average yield for the last decade of the nineteenth century was 22,200 ewt. to the thousand acres. The yield in 1900, which was a great hay year, tiding us over 1901 with

its large surplus, was 24,420 ewt. to the thousand acres. The crop this year is expected to exceed a ton per acre in all the northern counties and in Scotland, but not, as we are assured, in Wales, Devon, Cornwall, or Dorset. The best hay yields are expected in the north, and after that in parts of the Fens. In East Anglia Kent, Surrey, and Sussex farmers will think themselves lucky if they attain a clear ton to the acre. The sunless May and first three weeks in June have made the hay poor in sugar and of a low nutritious standard. As feed this season it should be supplemented by lucerne beans, by maize, or by feeding barley.

An interesting exhibition of photographic enlargements is at present on view at the Kodak Gallery, in the Strand. The pictures consist of a series of enlarged portraits on bromide paper of all the reigning sovereigns of Europe, and of enlargements from Kodak snapshots of the Coronation of the King of Spain, and the Canadian tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

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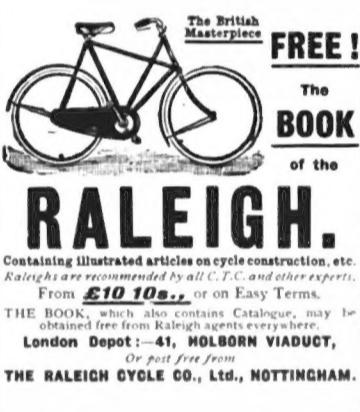
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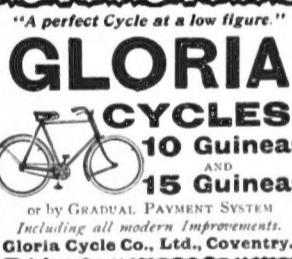
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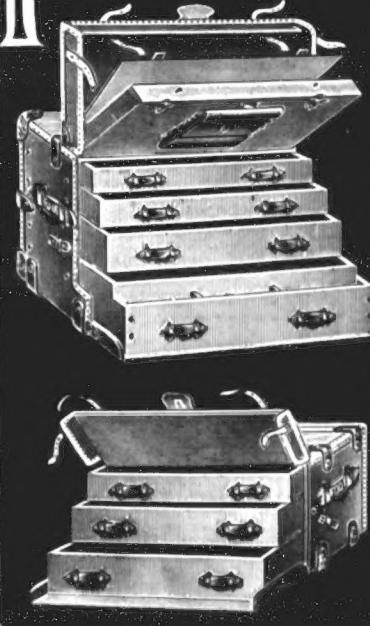
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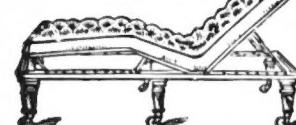
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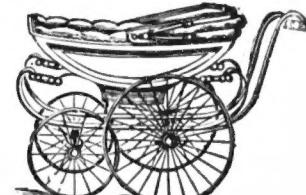
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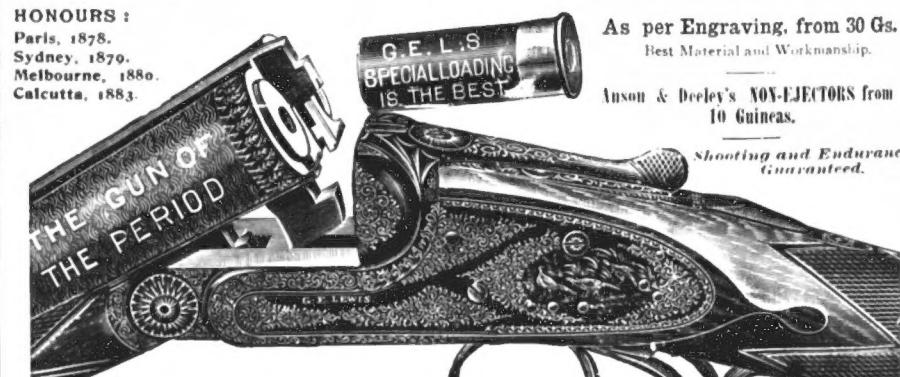
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